THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 12. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRELAND'S NATIONAL HOLIDAY

Celebrations in Different Parts of the City—The Day in New York, Muskegon, Mich., and Other Places.

Fine Weather and Plenty of Speeches, Feasting and Music.

Knights of St. Patrick Banquet.

The green flag of Ireland, mingled with the red, white, and blue, floated from the West Chicago Club House on Friday evening of last week, the occasion being the nineteenth annual reception and ball of the Knights of St. Patrick. P. J. Kennedy, T. E. Ryan, P. O'Beirne, John Powers, John Shannon, and Matthew McGinness were on the reception committee, and were untiring in their efforts in entertaining comrades and visitors. The ball-room presented a brilliant scene when the grand march, led by J. H. Carmody and wife, was in progress. Fully 200 couples were in line, and the handsome uniforms of the knights made a delightful contrast to the handsome toilets of the ladies. An elaborate supper was served at 12 o'clock, after which dancing was resumed and continued until the wee small hours of the morning. The floor was in charge of J. H. Carmody, T. J. Doyle, James F. Wilmot, M. Tobin, John Cody, John Tobin.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. John Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew McGinnis, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dolan, Mr. and Mrs. James Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Sheean, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. J. McKeon, Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. D. Slattery, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tracey, Mr. and Mrs. W. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ryan. Messrs. J. T. McIntire, M. J. McIntire, J. F. Goodbody, E. F. Yore, J. T. Tracey, T. J. Brown, N. J. Feehan, John P. Coffee, J. T. Lamb, D. J. Solon, William O'Brien, J. R. Smith, Thomas Ryan, L. Mallorey. Misses. C. Basler, Mary Connelly, M. Kelly, Cannon, Lou Kelly, L. McGinnis, Nellie Dolan, Julia Casey, N. Fraligh, W. Yates, M. E. Dunton, Julia O'Leary, M. Kennedy, Tobin, Solon.

During the evening the announcement was made that the Knights would hold their annual excursion to Lake Geneva in July.

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The Day in South Chicago.

St. Patrick's Day was appropriately observed at South Chicago. The celebration was under the auspices of Division No. 9, A.O.H., and as is characteristic of this division's energy. The day's proceedings were entirely successful. In the morning the members of the A.O.H. assembled at their hall, and thence, preceded by the Illinois Steel Company Band, marched to St. Patrick's church where high mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. M. Van de Laar. An eloquent panegyric on St. Patrick was delivered by Rev. Father Dunn, specially invited for the occasion. Mass being over, the Ancient Order men again formed in line and paraded the principal streets of the town, after whom formed those of the members whose associations permitted them to participate in the general parade in the city. In the evening an entertainment and ball was given at the Calumet Theatre, where one of the largest audiences ever seen in that hall was present. The entertainment consisted of Prof. P. H. Grattan's panorama of Ireland, supplemented by an excellent musical programme. At the conclusion of the entertainment dancing commenced, just 100 couples participating in the grand march. The ball was one of the pleasantest and most largely attended ever given in South Chicago. Division No. 9 is to be warmly congratulated for so intelligently and patriotically honoring the memory of St. Patrick.

A happy event in connection with the celebration was the formal notice given the president of Division No. 9 by the officers of Division No. 30 of the B. of E. A.O.H. of Cummings that their division had unanimously resolved to return to the regular Order, with the request that County Delegate Flannigan attend the next regular meeting of the division to formally receive the members, several of whom participated in the morning parade. In this connection also, it was pleasant to observe that many of the members of Division 9 of the B. of E. of South Chicago attended the entertainment and ball and contributed materially to the success of the evening. It is now hoped that all misunderstanding between the A. O. H. men of the Calumet region is removed, and that henceforth but one united organization shall be known in this thriving section of Chicago. This happy state of affairs is, no doubt, mainly owing to the good offices of the Rev. M. O'Sullivan, who has labored so hard in the cause of union.

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In New York.

NEW YORK, March 17.—At the tenth annual banquet of the St. Patrick's Club this evening Dr. Chauncey M. Depew proclaimed himself an adopted son of Erin. Touching the Home Rule bill Mr. Depew said the measure presented by Gladstone went beyond the aspirations of Grattan, O'Connell, or Parnell. The eighty-three Irish members of parliament, principally young men of professions with little worldly goods, were sacrificing themselves to the cause of Ireland as much as his (Mr. Depew's) ancestors sacrificed themselves during the revolutionary war. They should get support, and hitherto the United States was the Home Rule treasury, and on the United States in future would depend whether the followers of Redmond and McCarthy would be able to continue the fight for Ireland right on the floor of the house of commons.

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In Muskegon, Mich.

[*Condensed from Muskegon News, Mar. 18.*]

A large audience gathered at the Muskegon Opera House Friday evening, where the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Muskegon division, had arranged an elaborate programme in honor of the good old saint, whose many virtues and good works are summed up in the old folk song:

"For saints and for men you may search the globe round—
You may go from the East to the West—
But all the world over there's none to be found
That can equal St. Patrick, the blest."

The auditorium was tastily decorated with green, prominent among the decorations appearing the flag of Ireland and our own "Old Glory," for which, as well as for the emblem of Erin, have Irish hearts fought and bled. An Irishman is no less an American because he loves the land which gave him birth, and no man breathes the air on American soil today who would more quickly resent an insult to the Stars and Stripes than would the son of Ireland who makes his home here.

It was a patriotic audience which faced the stage and any patriotic sentiment seemed to start the applause. On the stage with ex-Congressman John F. Finerty, the orator of the evening, sat P. J. Connell, Capt. Simon O'Day and officers of the A.O.H., Rev. Father VanPammel; also Mayor Gow, ex-Mayors F. W. Cook, Nelson DeLong and Martin Waalkes, J.C. McLaughlin, J. T. Ryan, F. Jiroch, J. D. Sheridan, Capt. Sanford, William Murray, T. B. McNiff and others.

After an admirably rendered selection from Benedict's opera, "Lily of Killarney," by Beerman's Band, the chairman of the evening, James P. Fallon, welcomed the audience to participation in the programme. "We welcome you," he said, "in the name of the Ancient Order of Hibernians to our annual celebration, to a flow of eloquence and a feast of reason, even though the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as though that soul were fled. We have secured the best of local talent to assist us, and an orator who needs no introduction anywhere to an assembly of Irishmen. Again, I bid you welcome."

The third number on the programme was a baritone solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen," by Fred Beerman, baritone soloist in Beerman's Band, with an accompaniment by the band. It was most artistically rendered and in itself ample evidence of the high plane on which the band is standing. It was applauded again and again.

This was followed with a tenor solo, "Remember Boy, You're Irish," by John Rohrig, which was heartily applauded and an encore given.

John F. Finerty, of Chicago, was introduced to the audience by Chairman Fallon. He was greeted with hearty applause, and as it died away he began to speak, slowly at first, more rapidly as he warmed to his theme: "Irish History, Ancient and Modern."

[Want of space obliges us to omit the excellent report of the address which followed.]

Mr. Finerty resumed his seat amid deafening applause. The next number on the programme was an instrumental duet by the Misses Simmons, who responded to an encore. Following this was a vocal solo by Lincoln Rodgers, who was recalled. A duet by Misses Katie and Mary McLaughlin was well rendered. Miss Mary Tiffany sang a solo in her usual good way; followed by a vocal solo by Miss Helene Simmons, and the programme ended with two comic songs by Fred Thompson, which captured the house.

Nature's Surest Ally.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles let us, lest worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "lamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

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MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION

On St. Patrick's Day in the Streets of Chicago—Fine Appearance of the Societies in Line.

Hundreds of Thousands of Spectators Along the Line of March—List of the Societies Participating.

Long before the sun rose above the tops of the tall buildings bodies of men in green regalia began to debouch upon Haymarket square, where the procession was to form. Hundreds of others wended their way to St. Patrick's church, at Desplaines and West Adams streets, where pontifical high mass was celebrated in a most impressive manner, Archbishop Feehan representing his Holiness the Pope. Attended by Fathers Galligan and Gill, the archbishop occupied the episcopal chair at the right of the altar, while mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Dunne as subdeacon. Father P. A. L. Egan delivered an eloquent address on the patron saint of Ireland. This was, he said, the fourteen hundredth anniversary of the cessation of St. Patrick's labors, and here in the sanctuary bearing his honored name the people were gathered to pay tribute to his glorious memory. Such assemblages were gathered wherever the descendants of the people whom St. Patrick converted are living. The reverend orator closed with an eloquent tribute to the Irish people who had come to America and were the most loyal citizens of the United States. The musical portion of the mass was rendered by the choir under the direction of Professor Winder, being assisted by an orchestra.

But it was the parade, says the *Times*, which called 200,000 spectators on the streets. At 2 o'clock, the hour set for the column to move, 50,000 people had congregated on Haymarket square. A cold wind was blowing from the north, but the sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky upon waving plumes, flaunting flags, and gorgeous silken banners of green and gold. As the different societies marched into the square they were greeted by prolonged cheers. Scores of plumed marshals mounted on gayly caparisoned steeds rode hither and thither, bringing order out of chaos. At 2:30 the order was given to move, and 5,000 men stepped briskly out to the tune of "Garry Owen." The line of march lay on Desplaines street to Jackson, on Jackson to Michigan avenue, on Michigan avenue to Washington, on Washington to Clark, on Clark to Erie, on Erie to Wells, on Wells to Lake, on Lake to Desplaines and Haymarket square, where the column disbanded.

From Randolph to Jackson street, along Desplaines, every available point of vantage was pre-empted long before the word to march was given. Haymarket monument, in whose shadow the head of the procession lay while the lines were being formed, was improvised as a grand stand by half a dozen adventurous spectators. Desplaines street station, with its broad steps, afforded an opportunity to view the parade that could not be missed and its approaches, as well as the upper windows, were crowded. Along the line the same condition of things prevailed. St. Patrick's church, at Desplaines and Adams streets, was a point of more than usual interest. The school building next to the corner was thrown open to the parishioners and was crowded before the parade reached the corner. The church steps served as reviewing stands for the rectors of the parish, who left the pastoral residence on Adams street to watch the Irish lads step by to the tunes they love best.

Through the streets of the West Side the men were cramped so that the line of march was hardly distinguished from the crowds that pushed to and fro, but as the parade reached the broad streets of the South Side it spread out in wide double lines, making a first-class showing. Along the lake front the column found knots of people gathered to greet the flags and music, and as the line swept along Washington street the large dry-goods houses were partially emptied of their patrons while the parade was passing.

At the Clark street entrance to the court house several thousand people gathered to view the procession. The steps were occupied by Mayor Washburne, members of the city council, and city and county officials as a sort of reviewing stand. The windows of the buildings on the opposite side of the street were also filled with spectators.

The order of the parade as it passed the reviewing stand was:

FIRST DIVISION.
M. J. Kelly in Command.
Platoon of Police.
Grand Marshal and Aids.
Officers of Irish-American Council in carriages.
Hibernian Rifles, 7th Regiment I. N. G., Col. F. T. Colby commanding.
500 rank and file:
Company B, Capt. Michael Punch.
Company C, Capt. Mich'l B. Sullivan.
Company D, Capt. Jeremiah O'Hern.
Company E, Capt. Dan'l Moriarity.
Company F, Capt. J. C. Murray.
Company G, Capt. P. M. Boggan.
Company H, Capt. W. J. Carroll.
Company I, Capt. Jas. Farrell.
Knights of St. Patrick, M. J. O'Brien in command.
Band.
Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, Uniform Corps, Capt. O'Brien in command.
Cadet Corps, Twenty Boys.
Father Matthew T. A. & B. Society.

SECOND DIVISION.
Gaelic Athletic Association Clubs, Thos. E. Jones in command; clubs in the following order:
Emmets, Innisfails, Davitts, Grattans, Emeralds, Brian Borus, Finertys, Liberators, O'Connells, Fitzgeralds.
Band.
Pullman Holy Rosary Cadets.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, P. B. Flahnigan in command.
Officers A.O.H. in Carriages.

THIRD DIVISION.
Band.
Glan-na-Gael Guards, Maj. L. R. Buckley in command.
Company A, Capt. Gorman.
Company B, Capt. Reid.
Emmet Guards, Capt. T. A. Becket commanding.
Citizens in Carriages.
Carryall Containing Boys and Girls Dressed in Green.

One of the events of the parade, and one which was commented on by many who witnessed the pageant, was the appearance of the Hibernian Rifles, which are soon to be mustered into the Illinois National Guard. This was the largest single body in the parade. The names of the field officers of the Rifles are as follows: Colonel, Francis T. Colby; lieutenant-colonel, James F. Lusk; major, Garrett J. Carroll; surgeon, Thomas F. O'Malley; chaplain, the Rev. John P. Dore; quartermaster, Thomas Murphy; adjutant, Jeremiah S. Hyland; inspector of rifle practice, Capt. Dennis McCarthy.

It would be hard to say to which of the other organizations in the line of march the honors of the day belong. Perhaps the most soldierly appearance, after the Rifles, was made by the Clan-na-Gael Guards with their trim uniforms. They were excellently drilled and added much to the military display. The Robert Emmet Guards, following close behind them, made an excellent showing, but lost somewhat of their effect on account of the small representation. If, however, any one company seemed to capture popular admiration more than another it was the Gaelic Athletic Association. Among the cheers could readily be distinguished shouts for the Emmets, the Innisfails, the Grattans, or the Fitzgeralds, as one or another of the clubs happened to be recognized by the spectators. With their swelling chests and sturdy limbs the athletes made a fine appearance. Above their banners they carried symbols of the athletic games in which they have won so much fame.

From sheer force of numbers the Ancient Order of Hibernians would be entitled to notice. They formed by far the larger part of the parade, and the square green banners waving over their detachments gave to the parade an unmistakable Irish national character which the spectator, however distant, could not mistake. The Knights of St. Patrick, with their showy uniforms, received at least their share of notice and were recognized and applauded at frequent intervals as the parade moved along the line. Another feature that was not forgotten by the spectators was the soldier-like appearance of the Holy Rosary Cadets, a Pullman organization, numbering about fifty boys. They followed close behind their stalwart brothers in the Gaelic Athletic Association.

The civic part of the procession was confined almost entirely to the third grand division. Senator Joseph P. O'Malley was in command, and with him were associated many prominent Irish-Americans. Grand Marshal O'Sullivan appointed over fifty aids, most of whom took part in one or the other of the divisions of the procession. The appointments were as follows: County Commissioner Michael J. Kelly, P. B. Flannigan, County Delegate, A. O. H.; L. Henely, State Delegate, A.O.H.; John F. Finerty, Fathers J. M. Cartan, J. C. McCormick, E. A. Murphy, J. P. Dore, P. A. Laughlin, James M. Scanlan, John Finn, James McGavick, Alexander McGavick, Lawrence Cunningham, D. J. McCaffery and W. Hackett; Major W. C. McClure, Col. F. T. Colby, Capt. John P. Coan, Lieut. John Beirne, Martin Mulcahey, P. O'Sullivan, Dr. O'Malley, J. F. Keating, P. J. Cahill, Capt. L. Buckley, William Webb, Hon. J. F. O'Malley, Hon. Joseph P. Mahoney, Hon. Michael McInerney, John J. Conroy, Daniel Corkery, Roger C. Sullivan, J. J. Mahoney, Commissioners James A. O'Connell, F. E. Coyle and Chas. Byrne; M. S. Hyland, E. E. S. Eagle, County Attorney James Maher, John Tobin, David McCann, John Mackin, Jr., John Murphy, County Agent Jas. E. O'Brien, Thomas Murphy, Ald. Wm. J. O'Brien, Ald. John Mahony, Ald. John J. Brennan, John P. Dohney, A. J. Ford, Capt. T. J. Ford, C. F. O'Brien, M. J. Keane, M. J. McCarthy, P. H. Tierney, Thomas H. Cannon, M. J. Lynn, Hon. W. H. Lyman, M. J. McCarthy, John F. O'Connor, Patrick Cummings, John G. O'Donnell, Frank Agnew, Dennis McCarthy, William J. Kelly, John Devlin, J. W. McCarthy, John Nugent, Timothy E. Ryan, James A. O'Brien, Edward Hayes, William Hearley, J. J. Sloan, Thomas McInerny, James McHale, William Gavin, F. O'Neill Jones, Con O'Donnell, Hugh Kelly, James H. Lynch, M. Brackin, J. Burke, John F. O'Brien, John Gillan, J. Hyland, John Bolen, M. J. Maloney, Frank McKeogh, John J. Lenord, Edward Hayes, Dr. McGrath, T. A. Beckett, Harry Fleming, Henry P. Carmody, J. P. Dougherty, Frank T. Nichols, Stephen Griffin, Rev. M. Curran, John C. Schubert.

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Concluded.)

Although there was no chance of Tenant-Right, no chance of Ireland being allowed to manage her own affairs—yet towards Catholics of the educated classes there was much liberality. Mr. Wyse was sent ambassador to Greece; Mr. More O'Ferrall was made Governor of Malta; many barristers, once loud in their patriotic devotion at Conciliation Hall, were appointed to commissionerships and other minor offices; and Ireland became "tranquil" enough. For result of the whole long struggle, England was left, for a time, more securely in possession than ever of the property, lives, and industry of the Irish nation. She had not parted with a single atom of her plunder, nor in the slightest degree weakened any of her garrisons, either military, civil, or ecclesiastical. Her "Established Church" remained in full force—the wealthiest church in the world, quartered upon the poorest people, who abhor its doctrine, and regard its pastors as ravening wolves. It had, indeed, often been denounced in the London parliament, by Whigs out of place: Mr. Roebuck had called it "the greatest ecclesiastical enormity in Europe;" Mr. Macaulay had termed it "the most utterly absurd and indefensible of all the institutions now existing in the civilized world." But every one knows what value there is in the liberal declarations of Whigs out of place. Once in place and power, they felt that the "enormity" of the Established Church, absurd and indefensible as it was, constituted one of their greatest and surest holds upon the Irish aristocracy, to whose younger sons and dependants it afforded a handsome and not too laborious livelihood. The Archbishop of Armagh alone continued yearly to receive his £14,664—almost thrice the salary of the President of the United States; and the Bishop of Derry nearly double as much as the President—and ten other bishops, emoluments varying from £7,600 down to the lowest, £2,310. Then every parish must have its "rector," though in a great many parishes there are no congregations; and the poor Catholic people, over and above rents, rates, and taxes, must pay these sinecure pastors out of their poor stockyards—the remedy for non-payment being distress by the landlord. The Orangemen, also, have been maintained in full force. They are all armed: for no bench of magistrates will refuse a good Protestant the liberty of keeping a gun; and lest they might not have enough, the Government sometimes supplies arms for distribution among the lodges. The police and detective system is more highly organized than ever; and the Government Board of "National" Education, more diligently than ever inculcates the folly and vice of national aspirations.

Yet Ireland, we are told, is "improving and "prosperous." Yes: it cannot be denied that three millions of the people have been slain or driven to seek safety by flight, the survivors begin to live better for the present. There is a smaller supply of labor, with the same demand for it—therefore wages are higher. There is more cattle and grain for export to England, because there are fewer mouths to be fed; and England (in whose hands are the issues of life and death for Ireland) can afford to let *so many* live. Upper classes, and lower classes, merchants, lawyers, state-officials, civil and military, are indebted for all that they have, for all that they are or hope for, to the sufferance and forbearance of a foreign and hostile nation. This being the case, every one must see that the prosperity of Ireland, even such ignominious prosperity as it is, has no guarantee or security. Whenever Irishmen grow numerous again (as they surely will), and whenever "that ancient swelling and desire of liberty," as Lord Mountjoy expressed it, shall once more stir their souls as once more it certainly will, why, the British Government can crush them again, with greater ease than ever; for the small farmers are destroyed; the middle classes are extensively corrupted; and neither stipendiary officials nor able-bodied paupers ever make revolutions.

This very dismal and humiliating narrative draws to a close. It is the story of an ancient nation stricken down by a war more ruthless and sanguinary than any seven years' war, or thirty years' war, that Europe ever saw. No sack of Magdeburg, or ravage of the Palatinate, ever approached in horror and desolation to the slaughters done in Ireland by mere official red tape and stationery, and the principles of political economy. A few statistics may perhaps conclude this dreary subject.

The census of Ireland, in 1841, gave a population of 8,175,124. At the usual rate of increase, there must have been, in 1846, when the famine commenced, at least eight and a half millions; at the same rate of increase, there ought to have been, in 1851 (according to the estimate of the census commissioners,) 9,018,799. But in that year, after five seasons of artificial famine, there were found alive only 6,552,385—a deficit of about two millions and a half. Now, what became of those two millions and a half?

The "government" census commissioners, and compilers of returns of all sorts, whose principal duty it has been, since that fatal time, to conceal the amount of the havoc, attempt to account for nearly the whole deficiency by emigration. In Thom's Official Almanac, I find set down on one side the actual decrease from 1841 to 1851 (that is, without taking into account the increase by births in that period), 1,623,154. Against this, they place their own estimate of the emigration during those same ten years, which they put down at 1,589,133. But, in the first place, the decrease did not *begin* till 1846—there had been till then a rapid increase in the population: the government returns, then, not only ignore the increase, but set the emigration of *ten* years against the depopulation of *five*. This will not do: we must reduce their emigrants by one-half, say to six hundred thousand—and add to the depopulation the estimated increase *up* to 1846, say half a million. This will give upwards of two millions whose disappearance is to be accounted for—and six hundred thousand emigrants in the other column. Balance unaccounted for, *a million and a half*.

This is, without computing those who were born in the five famine years, whom we may leave to be balanced by the deaths from *natural* causes in the same period.

Now, that million and a half of men, women, and children, were carefully, prudently, and peacefully *slain* by the English government. They died of hunger in the midst of abundance, which their own hands created: and it is quite immaterial to distinguish those who perish in the agonies of famine itself from those who died of typhus fever, which in Ireland is always caused by famine.

Further, I have called it an artificial famine; that is to say, it was a famine which desolated a rich and fertile island, that produced every year abundance and superabundance to sustain all her people and many more. The English, indeed, call that famine a "dispensation of Providence;" and ascribe it entirely to the blight of the potatoes. But potatoes failed in like manner all over Europe; yet there was no famine save in Ireland. The British account of the matter, then, is first, a fraud—second, a blasphemy. The Almighty, indeed, sent the potato blight, but the English created the famine.

And lastly, I have shown, in the course of this narrative, that the depopulation of the country was not only encouraged by artificial means, namely, the Out-door Relief Act, the Labor-Rate Act, and the emigration schemes, but that extreme care and diligence were used to prevent relief coming to the doomed island from abroad; and that the benevolent contributions of Americans and other foreigners were turned aside from their destined objects—not, let us say, in order that none should be saved alive, but that no interference should be made with the principles of political economy.

The Census Commissioners close their last report with these words:

"In conclusion, we feel it will be gratifying to your excellency, to find, that, although the population has been diminished in so remarkable a manner, by famine, disease, and emigration, and has been since decreasing, the results of the Irish census are, on the whole, satisfactory."

The commissioners mean that the census exhibits an increase in sheep and cattle for the English market—and that while men are lean, hogs are fat. "The good of this," said Dean Swift—more than a century ago—"the good of this is, that the more sheep we have, the fewer human creatures are left to wear the wool or eat the flesh. Ajax was mad when he mistook a flock of sheep for his enemies; but we shall never be sober until we have the same way of thinking."

The subjection of Ireland is now probably assured until some external shock shall break up that monstrous commercial firm, the British Empire; which, indeed, is a bankrupt firm, and trading on false credit, and embezzling the goods of others, or robbing on the highway, from Pole to Pole, but its doors are not yet shut; its cup of abomination is not yet running over. If any American has read this narrative, however, he will never wonder hereafter when he hears an Irishman in America fervently curse the British Empire. So long as this hatred and horror shall last—so long as our island refuses to become, like Scotland, a contented province of her enemy, Ireland is not finally subdued. The passionate aspiration for Irish nationhood will outlive the British Empire.

[THE END.]

The Best Authorities.

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from [illegible] farms. Special attention [illegible] to the [illegible] ordinance, and every loaf [illegible] full weight, and at the [illegible] cents per loaf.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)

More than three weeks had passed since the 1st of July—the date of the raid on Sligo and of our heroine's seizure by Harrison—when one evening the latter entered her chamber. He was attired as for a fight or a foray, wearing his helmet and corselet. He was not now intoxicated, but spoke with an air of earnest and gloating malice.

"Well, my lass," said he, "so the time is come at last for revenge—sure, sweet, and ample revenge. We are just going to take Dromahaire Castle over yonder; and there shall be no quarter—mark me, no quarter."

"Dromahaire! How?" she exclaimed, in the first moment of surprise.

He laughed.

"How, is it, my pretty bird? Ha, ha! —you doubt me?—Well, I'll just tell you. Sir William Cole has at length sent us from Enniskillen the force we've been so long expecting—four hundred gallant fellows, all ripe and ready for blood, fire, plunder, or whatever sport turns up this night. But one thing is gloriously certain—that we shall burn Dromahaire to the ground. Satan burn it! What a bright, bonny blaze the infernal old pile will make! and how the rats it contains shall shriek and squeal when the flames begin to singe them!—You know the vermin I mean, my lass, eh?"

Kathleen sat listening in silent horror.

"There's that whelp O'Tracy, for instance," continued Harrison.

She started to her feet with a great bound.

"Then Emon is not dead?" she queried, in intense excitement.

Harrison started. He had been found out in a lie, for over and over again he had maliciously boasted to the girl that he had slain her lover, noting her blanched cheeks and moistened eyes with anger and satisfaction as he uttered the falsehood. And now he inwardly cursed his shortsightedness in being taken off his guard.

"Well, here's how it is, girl. Confound it! your precious Emon got better; some of your evil-working fairy doctors practiced their devil's art upon him and set him on his feet again—set the d-d puppy on his hind feet again. But never you mind, I'll soon knock them from under him—trust Gilbert Harrison for that, my pretty poll parrot. The Irish rogue will be all the better of a second killing—ha, ha! and this time I'll be sure to cut off his head, and bring you his ears for tokens—won't that do, my dear?"

But it was with a greatly relieved mind that Kathleen resumed her seat, uttering a mental prayer of thanksgiving. A new sorrow, however, took possession of her mind as she exclaimed.

"My poor brother Niall!"

"Your brother, is it?" ejaculated her tormentor, noting her trouble;—"don't worry about him, either;—you see his got to be killed like the other rebels—that is, if he's not knocked on the head already. Besides, curse it, it makes no difference; for Gilbert Harrison will be father and mother, brother and sister, husband, and all to you by-and-by. And what a happy time we'll have, my little sweetheart!"

He laid his great hand on her head as he spoke, but she recoiled from him in disgust, with a loud exclamation of abhorrence:

"Take away your hand—it is stained with innocent blood!"

"Innocent blood!" he returned;—"pshaw, my dove, you are too squeamish by half. These are stormy times, you know, and all's fair in love and war. What have I done but my duty? I suppose you would be amazed to hear that I killed a real live Irish soggarth only a few days ago. Have I told you of it?"

"Murdered a priest!" she cried, with a face pale as death.

"Ay, that I did; this good right hand struck him down in the midst of his mass-mongering when we were preying Carbury. His name was O'Hart, and one of our musketeers laid low another child of the Scarlet One—his name was Father Donnell O'Lynchahan, save the mark! See, I got this crumb of paper in the pocket of the worthy Father whom my sword sent to eternity; the good man will not need it more."

He tossed a crumpled and bloodstained scrap of paper to the shuddering maiden, and then his face assumed a villainous leer.

"Now, my treasure, ere I start on my journey to you doomed den of iniquity you shall give me one loving kiss to nerve me for the ride: no stirrup-cup could taste so sweet as those ripe lips."

She shrieked loudly and piteously as he rushed forward and clasped her lithe form in his strong arms, and struggled wildly to free herself from his gross embrace; but it was the struggle of the dove in the talons of the hawk.

"Capt. Harrison, the colonel awaits you; our men are just about to march," said a gruff voice, as an armed trooper appeared at the chamber door.

"Oh, very well, I am ready;" and the brutal libertine released his victim, who tottered panting to a seat. "Farewell, my beauty, for the present: I hope to have some grand news for you on my return."

The door clanged to, the key grated in the wards of the lock, the bolt shot, and the girl was alone with her grief and despair.

Kathleen bowed her face on her hands and wept, a flood of tears relieving the pent-up agony of her mind. A helpless and tortured prisoner, with an unbearable prospect of ruin and shame—a host of savage and merciless butchers gone to slay those whom she held dearest on earth, and she herself unable to avert the approaching catastrophe—it was a moment of the most poignant anguish to our poor heroine.

At length her lamentation ceased from very fatigue, and as her red and pained eyes wandered around her dreary cell, her gaze rested on the bit of paper that Harrison had produced on boasting of the murder of the priest. With trembling fingers and horror-stricken breast she picked it up. The summer twilight was fast fading, but sufficient light straggled through the narrow window to enable her to read the scroll bespattered with the gore of the unfortunate soggarth. It was in the handwriting of O'Conor Sligo and ran as follows:

"Whereas we are certified that the unexpected insurrection did arise in defense of our good faith and holy Mother, the Catholick Romane Church, and of his Majestie's prerogative Royall, both being lately intended by the Protestants of England and Ireland to be abolished, wherefore I, Teig O'Connour Sligo, colonell of the Irish Regiment for the county Sligo, doe hereby command all the inhabitants of the parish of Calry, as you are naturally obliged to obey the Romane Church, to pay or cause to be payed unto Father Connour O'Hart, pastour of the said parish, all such tithes and other duties as he can find out were impayed unto the former minister of the said parish, and in failing hereof I promise to assist him as I best can, as witness my hand this 17th of January."

It was a curious document, couched in the idiom of the time, the proper names being in the original carefully underscored, and so on; and as the maiden perused it she felt assured that Harrison's fiendish boast had too sure a foundation, and the thought of being in the power of such a monster came upon her in all its appalling force and reality.

But suddenly another thought flashed like a ray of benign sunshine into the gloom of her mind—the thought of a plan of escape: and as she dwelt earnestly on it her spirits revived, and the black despair that had oppressed her seemed to vanish like night at the approach of the Aurora. She knelt and prayed, and the hope new-born within her breast bore fruit more precious than the golden apples of the Hesperides.

She was still kneeling in prayer when her prison door again opened, and admitted this time her vixenish jailer, bearing a light. A very unprepossessing female was Kathleen's guardian; a gaunt old Scotchwoman, her eyes rheumed, and her sallow countenance puckered into a thousand wrinkles, with bristly, gray hairs sprouting on her skinny chin and straying in unsightly locks from beneath the long hanging ears of a dirty cap.

"An' ye're prayin' the noo', my bonny bairn—hee, hee! Awa' wi' thy Popish rot. I ken weel the mark o' the beast is on ye, but the deil mauna show his sooty hoof amang true Christians. So to bed at once, ye daft hussie, an' dinna keep a puir body frae her hammock any langer. Hoots! how godly we are at times!"

With a fearfully beating heart our heroine commenced to disrobe herself—for the last time, she hoped and prayed, in that detested chamber—and was soon stretched in apparent repose on the wretched pallet. The hag, after a long and loving pull at the black bottle, which appeared and disappeared in rather a mysterious manner, followed her example; and silence, save for the breathing of its two occupants, reigned in the darkened chamber.

An hour passed—an hour that was an age of painful anxiety and suspense to Kathleen, who now raised herself gently on her elbow. Her harsh old warden seemed plunged in a deep sleep, her usquebaugh-smelling breath coming regularly enough. Another moment, and the white-clad figure of the maiden was standing ghost-like on the floor of the room.

The key of the door! She got it immediately from the pocket of the crone's gown, and clasped with a fever of commingled joy and fear the cold bit of iron that was to give her the first step to liberty. With nervous hands she threw on her clothes, donned the dirty cap of the hag, which article that lady had taken off on retiring to rest, and threw over all a large, hooded cloak of red plaid, also belonging to the latter, who wore it constantly.

Thus disguised, Kathleen stepped towards the door, placed the key in the lock, and turned it, her heart giving a great leap at the click of the moving bolt. Withdrawing the key, she cautiously opened the door, the harsh grating of the hinges seeming to vibrate through her frame in the act, and stole out of the chamber.

Agony and terror!

Cautious as was her exit, her skirt had caught in the lamp, as it stood on a chair near the door, and crash it fell on the floor, with a noise terrible to Kathleen's ears as the roar of a park of artillery. In an instant a shrill shriek rang through the gloom of the chamber, as the hag leaped up in a sitting posture; in another Kathleen had locked the door on the outside and was flitting rapidly along the corridor.

Down a spiral stone stairs she ran, and found herself in a long passage, at the further end of which glared many torches, whose rellow light fell on the forms of several armed men. At the same time she felt the cool night breeze blowing on her cheeks, and perceived that the passage terminated in the chief entrance to the castle, the gate of which stood ajar.

Drawing the hood of the cloak well over her face, and assuming as well as she could the stooped attitude of her now imprisoned jailer, she slowly advanced with a hobbling gait towards the open doorway, her heart beating all out of harmony with her progress.

"Guid Lord! what under heaven is that?" exclaimed one man, as he caught sight of the bent and tottering figure so silently approaching him and his companions.

"Heuch, mon, it's only auld Elshie—dang her auld bones! Whaur the de'il is the doited callant gangin' a' sich an hour?" said another.

"Whaur but a-coshering with Satan an' a' his bairns, the warlocks and witches o' this accursed country. Hey, Elshie, whaur's yer broomstick? I ken ye'll hae a gruesome ride the nicht."

And the third speaker laughed loudly.

"Ay, ay, whaur's yer auld broomstick, Elshie?" chorused the rest; but as the supposed Elshie drew near, they made way to let her pass, some even shrinking in fear, with all their Scottish mistrust of night-walking old women.

The escaping captive had gained the outside of the door when she ran almost into the face of a sentinel, who was there plying his nocturnal beat.

"Ho! who goes?" cried the man, as he threw his musket to his shoulder and approached the glowing end of his quick match to the priming.

"Gadso!" he instantly ejaculated, "'tis but that d—d auld Elshie. Gangin' on her friend's wark, I daur say. My faith, had we her in Glasgow toun we'd soon speer the mark o' Beelzebub on her hide, and then the thumbscrews and tar barrels should hae their ain. Harkee, Elshie," he said, in a loud voice, "an' ye gang that gait our boys may meet ye an' shoot ye for a papist witch. An' (*sotta voce*) I pray the Lord they may riddle your infernal auld carcase to rags, ye pawky auld hag o' blazes!"

And all this time Elshie *in propria persona* was screaming like a trapped wild cat, and beating her bony hands in rage on the strong panels of her chamber door.

The pseudo Elshie knew this, and that the alarm of her escape should soon bring hot pursuers on her trail; and on gaining a safe distance from the castle she relinquished her assumed feeble gait for a rapid walk—a run—a swift, breathless, headlong race for liberty.

The caged bird was free!

On hurried Kathleen—on in eager speed under the blue, star-spangled vault of heaven—on, anywhere, anywhere from that odious prison she had just quitted, from that stronghold of evil looming behind her. Now she dashed through an intricate copse, where the rude brambles scratched her flesh and tore her clothing to rags; now she hurried across a level waste of stony ground; and again she waded through a cool babbling brook. Her dark hair streamed behind her on the night zephyrs, which came in gentle whispers around her, kissing her cheeks and cooling her heated blood. Thrice she stumbled and fell on the rough ground, to arise with bleeding hands and face, but the pain only accelerated her flight.

At length fatigue compelled her to reduce her run to a walk, and her walk soon became a slow, tottering pace, which ended in her seeking the welcome seat afforded by a moss-clad rock. She was now many miles from Manor-Hamilton.

Our Wild Rose was in a truly doleful condition. Her face and neck, arms and feet, were smeared with the blood of many aching scratches. Her feet, in particular, gave her intense pain, bruised as they were with sharp stones and torn with piercing thorns, for caution had made her lay aside her shoes on leaving her prison. Her jailer's plaid cloak and long-eared cap, which had stood her in such good stead, had flown off in her flight, and only her own garments, hanging about her in shreds and tatters, now covered her panting form. And so the poor fugitive girl sat alone out on the dark hillside, out under the silent summer heaven.

After a short rest her first action was to kneel on the ground beside her rocky seat, and pour forth a fervent prayer of thanksgiving, after which, feeling much restored and refreshed, she rose to her feet with a very pertinent question trembling on her lips:

Whither should she go now?

The answer swiftly came—she should go to Dromahaire and acquaint her lover and her brother of their danger. A very commendable resolution, no doubt;—but how lay the road to Dromahaire?

As she was mentally struggling with this perplexing query, a terrible sound in the direction she had come was borne to her ears and caused the blood to rush freezing to her heart. She listened with bated breath to what seemed to be her death-note.

The baying of bloodhounds!

A long, weird, savage yell, wailing far away over the bleak, night-shrouded moorland—distant, but approaching nearer and nearer, until the trembling girl thought she could distinguish mingling with the voices of the dogs, the voices of scarcely less savage men.

Again Kathleen was afoot. Again she was winging her way, as it were, like a scared bird over the desolate country. No prospect of succor or protection had she to cheer her on. No signs of human life appeared on either hand of her dreary path, save, indeed, the charred and blackened walls of roofless cabins that had long before been visited with the torch of the destroyer.

At length, as she hurried through a narrow gorge, while the pursuing bloodhounds seemed to cry her knell almost at her back, she thought she saw a light glimmering in the distance. She ran towards it with all her remaining strength.

"Stand! Who goes there?" rang a loud demand in her ears, and she saw the dark forms of a horse and its rider looming out of the darkness at her very side. It was a mounted trooper, and the light she saw was the red glow of his lighted match.

Instinctively recognizing an enemy, she turned and fled with a faint scream of alarm. The report of a musket rang out on the night air, a lurid tongue of fire lit up the surrounding darkness for a moment, and a bullet sang close by our heroine's ear.

Next instant the wild gorge reverberated the hoofstrokes of the trooper's horse as he dashed after the flying girl. Not far had he to ride. The weak object of his pursuit halted, tottered, and fell prone on the earth, her overwrought frame and mind sunk in a deep and deadly swoon.

Dismounting at the spot where she lay, the man raised her limp and apparently lifeless body in his arms.

"Corp an diaoul! a woman!" he exclaimed.

A Puritan speaking Irish! the reader may say, in surprise. Let us explain. The trooper who now held Kathleen in his arms was none other than Edmund Boy O'Hugh, the assassin of Lord Caulfield, and now a renegade as well as a murderer.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIS.]

"Ni'l fhios agam," ar Goillis, "tá amhrus agam: measaim gur feárr fanamhaint go bhfeicfimid duine éigin eile, tá'n lá óg fós, agus má fhanamaoid ni féidir nach dtiucfaidh duine éigin an bealach."

"Cad é an t-amhrus atá agad?" ar an óigbhean, "cad é an fáth do bhéidheadh ag an t-seanduine seo breug d'innsint duit? nach dtig linn dul air aghaidh leith-mhile go bhfeicfimid bhfuil an bóthar ag leathnughadh mar deir sé, agus muna bhfuil, tig linn teacht air ais."

"Deunfamaoid sin," ar Goillis, "acht go deimhin tá amhrus agam i g-cómhnuidhe, agus do b'fhearr liom fanamhaint." Chuaidh siad air agaidh le ceathramhadh mile, agus ni raibh an bóthrin ag éirighe nios leithne, agus ni raibh Goillis sualmhneach ann a chroidhe féin. Bhi an seanfhear ag siúbhal cóig no sé slata amach rómpa, nuair leig sé fead geur go h-obann, agus huil léim deich bhfear, no dhá fhear deug, amach ó chúl na mballa air an dá thaoibh de'n bhóthar, agus sul d'fheud Goillis a sgian a tharraing no buille a bhualadh, leagadh sios, agus ceangladh go cruaidh le córdaibh é. Cheangail siad lámha na mná óige air a druim, chor leis, agus ann sin rug beirt aca air lámhaibh Ghoillis agus beirt eile air a chosaibh agus d'iomchair siad leo é, agus b'éigin do'n mhnaoi óig a leanamhaint. Bhris si amach ag caoineadh agus ag mallughadh a h-amadántachta féin, nár fhan si air an mbóthar mór mar chómhairligh Goillis di, acht ni raibh aon mhaith dhi ann; thiomáin siad air aghaidh i, agus b'éigin di siúbhal.

D'fhág siad an bóithrin agus chuaidh siad trasna na bpáirc, i lár cloch agus carraig, agus tom, go dtáinig siad faoi dheire go gleann doimhin dubh, agus ag ceann an ghleanna sin bhi sliabh árd ag éirighe suas, agus bhi taobh an t-sléibhe 'nna aon charraig amháin, agus d'éirigh sé chomh direach, beag-nach, le balla tighe, agus bhi sgoilt beag no poll, ann a thaoibh, chomh mór sin go leigfeadh sé caora asteach 's amach go réidh, no fear dá rachadh sé sios air a dhá láimh, agus budh annsa' bpoll sin do shaith siad Goillis bocht rómpa, agus chuaidh siad féin ag smeurthacht 'nna dhiaigh, agus b'éigin d'inghin an Righ an rud ceudna do dheunamh.

Chuaidh siad mar sin le cóig no sé de shlatsaibh, agus bhi an poll ag leathnughadh i g-cómhnuidhe, no go raibh sé chómh h-árd sin faoi dheire go dtiuefadh leo seasamh suas. Thainig siad ann sin go geata iarainn annsan mballa, agus nior fheud siad dul nios faide. Chuir an Caiptin a lámh ann a phóca agus do tharraing sé cochair mhór throm amach, agus d'fhosgail sé an doras leithe, agus gach sgread a leig an doras iarainn 'gá fhosgailt thuit sé air chroidhe Ghoillis mar thonna cloch. Chuaidh siad uile asteach agus tharraing siad Goillis agus an bhean óg asteach leo agus sgaoil siad iad.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Some Hints on the Voice.

In a most valuable paper in the March number of the *New Peterson*, Mrs. Ellen Everest says: "I always advise vocal lessons as an aid to the speaking voice, and see no reason why children should not be taught to sing at an early age. They use their voices from the cradle, and why not learn to sing correctly in youth? Such lessons should be short, and the voice kept only within its natural compass, aiming at distinct articulation.

"Many speakers and singers have had to retire at a time when they were in the zenith of their popularity, through vocal inability. The voice should last to good old age; as, when there seemed to be a wearing-out or exhaustion of the vocal machinery, it is due to unskillful use of the vocal apparatus. It is rarely the fact that a voice cannot be repaired, when such is the case.

"Music is the most fascinating of all accomplishments; and through the voice—which is a gift to be prized over every other talent—we give pleasure beyond expression."

A PLACE FOR BRIDAL COUPLES.

Why Your People Did Not Count In Making Up an Elevator's Freight.

In Washington the other day a reporter made a pilgrimage up the Washington monument, and while he waited for the elevator, which is no small task, as it makes only one trip in a half hour, he fell into conversation with the doorman in charge of the structure.

"You see," said that worthy, "we have to watch out sharp about the number of people in here. The elevator will carry 30, and the first 30 that come in sit over on that side, and everybody else must stay over here and wait. It's just like a barber shop, and if anybody goes outside to see the shadder like as not he'll get left."

"To see the what?" asked the reporter innocently.

"The shadder. The monument's shadder. Haven't you seen it?"

"No."

"Well, don't go out now or mebbe you'll get left. There's 24 in here already."

"Twenty-four," said the New York man doubtfully. "I make it 28."

"So there are, but four don't count."

"Why?"

"Bridal couples."

"Don't they go up?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I don't see"—began the reporter, but just then the two couples alleged to be brides and bridegrooms arose almost simultaneously and sauntered toward the stairs, up which they presently disappeared.

"See?" inquired the doorman benevolently.

"Do you mean you can tell the bridal couples by their walking up instead of riding?"

"I do. Them and little boys is about the only ones that walks."

"I don't quite understand," said the reporter innocently, with dim visions of plodding along breathlessly up the endless iron staircase.

"Didn't suppose you would," said the doorman scornfully. "Reckon you don't know them stairs is just one mile long and the finest place for huggin in the United States?"—New York Tribune.

Rise of English Towns.

Among English manufacturing towns none can boast a more startlingly rapid rise than that of Barrow-in-Furness and Middlesbrough. Barrow was an insignificant hamlet made up of a handful of fishermen's huts until the discovery of a rich vein of hematite ore some 40 years ago transformed it into one of the most important centers of our great iron manufacture. Its population is now 51,000. Where the fishing cobles were hauled on to the quiet strand there now flares many a huge blast furnace, fed with hundreds of thousands of tons of ore yearly, while jute works and one of the largest steel works in England add further—not to the beauty, but to the commercial prosperity of Barrow. The makers of the place as it now is were the late Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Buccleuch.

Middlesbrough began in an even smaller way. Sixty-five years ago a solitary farmhouse stood where furnaces and puddling mills make the land hideous today. Its life was revolutionized by the find in 1840 of a thick vein of iron in the Cleveland hills, running from Middlesbrough to Whitby. The Darlington and Stockton railway was already at hand to help in the work. Iron shipbuilding and Bolckow & Vaughan's great steel works came next, and Ironopolis is now an incorporated borough with a member of parliament and over 75,000 people, where 40 years since there were not as many hundreds.—Cornhill Magazine.

Light Through a Small Opening.

Thorough and scientific experiments with light have given some astonishing results. The latest in this line has been to prove that a cut or slit in a piece of paper, even though the opening be not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch in width, is sufficient to transmit light to the human retina. Here is the experimenter's account of his wonderful doings: I have determined an extraordinary fact—viz.: That light will show through a keen cut opening, even though the crack be of exceeding minuteness. This interesting fact was proved by taking two thoroughly clean, straight edges, placing a piece of paper between the surfaces at one end, the other end being allowed to come together. The straight edges being placed between the eye and a strong light in a dark room, a wedge of light was perceived from the ends between which the paper was placed and the opposite ends, which were brought together. The thickness of the paper being known, the distance apart at the two edges of the small end of the wedge of light was easily calculated, giving us as an astounding result that the bar of light was not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch in thickness.—St. Louis Republic.

The Largest Kite In This Country.

The largest kite ever made in the United States is that produced in Durham, Green county, N. Y. The frame consists of two main sticks 28 feet long, weighing each 100 pounds, and two cross sticks 21 feet long and weighing 75 pounds each. All of these sticks were 2 by 6 inches in dimensions. Over the framework was stretched a great sheet of white duck 25 feet by 18 feet and weighing 55 pounds. The tail of the kite alone weighed 50 pounds and contained 155 yards of muslin. Twenty-five hundred feet of ¼-inch rope served as "kite strings." This plaything cost $100, and when it mounted into the air it exerted a lifting power of 500 pounds. Six men once permitted it to ascend 1,000 feet.—Exchange.

What Fred Douglass Said.

One cold night during the height of the civil war Hon. Frederick Douglass got out of a train at Jersey City. He wore a big shawl on top of his overcoat, and a New York reporter, seeing the dark skin and towering form of the traveler, stopped him with the question, "Indian!" "No!" shouted Douglass, "Nigger!"—New York Sun.

Serving the People.

In 1761 the town of Quincy, in Massachusetts, wanted a surveyor of highways who had brains. The most prominent citizen of the little town at that time probably was John Adams, who was a graduate of Harvard college and a successful lawyer, and who had high ambitions, which were subsequently realized, as all the world knows.

The citizens of the town of Quincy regarded Adams, who was then about 26 years old, as a very capable fellow, and without asking his leave chose him to look after their highways.

This service was not of the sort which the ambitious scholar and able lawyer was looking for. He knew that a faithful performance of the duties would interfere with his work as a lawyer, but Adams was a man of high public spirit, and if his fellow citizens wanted him to survey their roads it was his duty to do it. He accepted the office, therefore, and performed its duties.

The spirit which he exhibited has been shown by many other famous Americans, especially in the early days of our republic. At the present time the dislike of office seeking is so great that office-holding is looked upon by many people as a thing to be reprobated, and able men often scornfully decline to hold an unimportant office.

Every person's patriotism should begin with the town or city that he lives in, and every citizen should regard his services as rightfully to be commanded, for a reasonable time, by the community among whom he dwells.—Youth's Companion.

Nature and Authors.

There is good material for an essay in the analysis of the different manner in which nature is approached by the authors, and some chronological developments would be apparent. The earlier novelists, Mrs. Radcliffe and so on to Walter Scott, created landscape as a background for their people; there were storms, sunsets, seas, caves, trees and dark nights, but they fitted into the exigencies of the plot. Never did the moon shine upon a murder, nor the storm beat upon the happy lovers, when there could be a first choice of weather. With Wordsworth there came another school, and nature was awarded some rights of her own, but it was Mary Mitford who first asked the reader himself to come out among the roses or go driving along the scented lanes. Everybody else had described.

Of course everything had to be taken as it was, but she went abroad with us in her English weather as though she were a Quaker matron with her quilted bonnet cover in her pocket, and therefore when the rain came it had no compunctions and she no disquietude. In these days we investigate nature. We are not content to see a bird fly into the bushes, but we must beat in after it, to know what it is—whether it is at home or merely passing through. The observers are looking for material and would as soon go afield without their hats as without their notebooks. It is a great gain for literature, but it throws responsibility upon the people who are supposed to know.—Peterson's Magazine.

Courting Under Difficulties.

They were courting under difficulties. It was a room through which the members of the family were continually passing to and fro.

"Dear Alice," he said, "I can no longer labor under this sus"—(the old man appears)—"pension of banks is due to the unwise policy"— (Old gent passes on.) "I was going to say, my dear girl, that I hope you will promise to be mine and name an early day for the bonds"—(old woman comes in)—"should never be paid in gold alone." (Exit old girl.)

"Name the happy day when I may call you my own, for I cannot believe that you will think it pre"—(old man slides in again)—"sumption cannot be too soon accomplished." (The intruder retires.) "I say I can't believe you are entirely indifferent to me, but will soon grant me the privilege of calling you wi"—(old lady on deck)—"fe given the financial question much study." (Old lady strides off.)

"If you love me, just nod your head. You, and, oh, one sweet kiss to seal it—one sweet"—(prospective father-in-law)—"according to eminent divines is a myth, a superstition." (They were again left alone.) The old folks conclude that Alice is safe enough in the company of a young man who can talk nothing but finance and theology, and so relax their vigilance.

IT ISN'T IN THE ORDINARY WAY that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the weak and suffering woman who needs it. It's *guaranteed*. Not with words merely: any medicine can make claims and promises. What is done with the "Favorite Prescription" is this: if it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, your money is returned. Can you ask any better proof that a medicine will *do* what it promises?

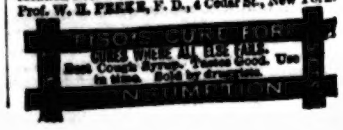
It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a certain remedy for the ills and ailments that beset a woman. In "female complaint" of every kind, periodical pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and irregularities, it is a positive and complete cure.

To every tired, overworked woman, and to every weak, nervous, and ailing one, it is guaranteed to bring health and strength.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I* say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



FIRE AND EXPLOSION.

Great Damage at the Town of Litchfield, Ills.

ONE MAN KILLED AND OTHERS HURT

Fire Breaks Out in an Immense Flouring Mill and Is Shortly Followed by a Terrific Explosion of Flour Dust Which Blows the Mill to Fragments and Damages Nearly Every Business House in the Town—Heavy Loss.

LITCHFIELD, Ills., March 21.—At 3:30 o'clock Tuesday morning fire was discovered in the big Keeler flouring mill in this place and despite the efforts of the employes, it quickly spread throughout the building. In less than twenty minutes the flames were beyond control. While the employes and firemen were fighting the fire a terrific explosion occurred and the immense structure was blown to fragments. It was caused by flour dust. John Cowie, head millwright, whose home was at Waterloo, N. Y., was instantly killed and several employes were seriously injured.

Business Houses Wrecked.

The explosion wrecked nearly every business place in the village. Many persons were badly hurt by flying bricks and falling timbers. The damage to the mill alone will reach $600,000 and other property was damaged over $150,000. The shock was felt in the villages of Clyde, Butler, Gillespie and Hillsboro. In many of these places the concussion was so great that plate glass windows were broken. When the fire started the citizens of this town were awakened by the ringing of fire bells and before many of them could dress they were stunned by the terrific shock of the explosion and the next moment found the walls of their homes falling upon them. It is not yet known how the fire originated.

Some of Those Injured.

Those already known to be badly injured by flying glass and timbers are: Mrs. R. Eichoride, Mrs. P. Lynch, John Donohue, Joseph Neuther, and John Kaveney. Their injuries are severe, but will not prove fatal. The fire was discovered by the night watchman in the bran room of the flour mill. He ran to a hydrant, but the water pipes did not work properly and in an instant the flames spread to adjoining rooms. In less than two minutes the flames reached the flour rolling room and an explosion of flour dust followed. The watchman was hurled through a window and badly injured. John Cowie, the millwright, was stunned by the shock and unable to escape. He was burned to death.

Firemen Driven Back.

The immense building tottered for a second and fell in a heap of blazing timbers. The flames leaped across a small passageway and ignited two large grain elevators. In the elevators were stored 20,000 barrels of flour and 200,000 bushels of wheat. The firemen were driven back by the intense heat and in less than half an hour the elevators and their contents were a total loss. Several small buildings adjacent to the elevators were burned. The shock of the explosion was heard twenty-five miles away and window glass was broken and chimneys blown down in towns ten miles distant.

Damage to Other Buildings.

Nearly every house in a radius of two blocks from the mill was badly wrecked. All the plate glass in the stores on Main and State streets were blown out. The flour mills and elevators were owned by Kehlor Bros. of St. Louis and their loss is estimated at $600,000. This is partially covered by insurance. About forty small dwelling houses were wrecked and many others slightly damaged. The Wabash railway tracks run between the flour mill and elevators and are covered with debris for a distance of 300 feet. The company will only suffer slight inconvenience as they will use the tracks of other roads at this point.

MISCELLANEOUS ACCIDENTS.

Loss of Life Caused by Prairie Fires in Kansas.

DIGHTON, Kan., March 21.—The prairie fires which have been sweeping western Kansas have caused great destruction of property and loss of life in Lane and Wichita counties. In Wichita county Saturday the flames swept over the home of John Ericssen in the night and his house was completely destroyed. In rescuing his little daughter Mr. Ericssen was so badly burned that he died Monday. Thomas Jamison lost fifty head of cattle which were pastured in an enclosure fenced with barbed wire and could not escape. Loss of much other property and live stock is reported.

Fatally Burned by Molten Metal.

PITTSBURG, March 21.—By the bursting of a mold in Marshall's foundry, corner of Thirteenth and Pike streets, Patrick Moore was fatally burned, Joseph Schaefer was seriously injured and Michael Murphy and three others were badly burned. The injured men were at the time of the accident engaged in pouring molten metal from a large ladle into the mold. When about full the mold burst, scattering the metal in every direction.

Woman Burned to Death.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 21.—A two story brick house at 920 Lovering avenue was destroyed by fire about 1 o'clock Tuesday, and Mrs. Rebecca Mulholland, a widow, aged 55 years, who lived alone in the house, was burned to death. The origin of the fire is not known.

Father and Son Killed by Fireworks.

KENOSHA, Wis., March 21.—Chris Arentsen, a maker of fireworks, his father and a boy who lived with Arentzen, were killed Monday by an explosion of fireworks, and the building where Arentzen lived and in which he had his workshop was burned out.

Expiring Commissions.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—During the balance of the present month the commissions of the collectors of customs at the following ports will expire: Grand Haven, Mich., March 29, $1,000 and fees; St. Paul, Minn., March 28, $2,500; Fort Benton, Mont., March 28, $1,000. Appraiserships will also fall vacant by expiration of commissions at Philadelphia, March 22, salary $3,000, and at Portland, Or., March 29, salary $3,000.

The Protest Is Too Late.

NEW YORK, March 21.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has addressed a circular to the trade and labor unions of America urging them to join in making a united protest against the proposed treaty between the United States and Russia.

EXECUTION AT WASHINGTON.

Howard Schneider Hanged for Killing His Wife and Brother-in-Law.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Howard Jefford Schneider was hanged Thursday morning in the District jail at the outskirts of the city for the murder of his wife on Jan. 31, 1893. He was indicted also for the murder of her young brother at the same time and place, but this case was not brought to trial. The procession to the scaffold was a small one. Warden Burke went to Schneider's cell and, standing by the door, read the death warrant.

HOWARD SCHNEIDER.

Then he turned and Schneider was led out from his cell. They started on their short and distressing trip. First came the warden of the jail. Beside hime walked the guard, Robert Strong, who adjusted the rope about the condemned man's neck and who performed the same service for Guiteau.

Staggered as He Walked.

Then came Schneider himself staggering and supported on either side by one of the guards of the jail. Then came the minister, followed by two guards in case their services might be needed. This wass all. The line of march was from the southeast corridor through the big rotunda and into the nortwest corridor, in which the execution took place. A squad of policemen under command of Sergeant Acton of the Fifth precint maintained order and cleared a passageway through the crowd for the little group of men to pass along.

The Signal Given.

There was but the briefest of delays when the scaffold was reached. There was a brief prayer; the warden had arranged with the clergy that not more than a few minutes should be consumed. The signal was given. The rope in the cell was pulled. The trigger snapped. The drop fell and Howard J. Schneider with a rope about his neck fell a half dozen feet and all was over.

GOLD IN THE TREASURY.

Notable Increase Beginning to Show in the Books.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—The gold balance in the treasury is gradually climbing up and the gold received from Chicago and other western points is beginning to show on the books. The balance on the books of free gold is $3,632,000, which does not include the $1,000,000 of gold received at Denver and other small lots from the west, which, when they appear on the treasury books, will make the free gold more than $5,000,000.

Treasury Balance.

The net treasury balance, too, is increasing, being $25,278,000. Of this $11,130,000 is in subsidiary coin and $11,000,000 in national bank depositaries. Treasury receipts so far this month have kept close pace with the expenditures, the former being $20,814,000 and the latter $20,000,000. As usual the large item of expenditure is pensions, in the payment of which $9,665,000 have been expended. Pension payments for the month will aggregate $15,000,000 or more.

TREMONT TEMPLE BURNED.

Historical Building in Boston Consumed by Flames.

BOSTON, March 20.—The city was visited by a third great fire early Sunday morning, which at one time threatened far worse disaster than resulted. No lives were lost, however, as was the case in both the other fires. The total property loss will approximate $400,000, the most of which will have to be borne by the insurance companies, which have just raised their rates on account of the recent fires. The main loss is the historic Tremont temple, which is practically in ruins. There was great danger at one time for that well-known hostelry, the Pitou house, but it was saved. The fire was discovered by an engineer at the Parker house shortly after 7 o'clock, and had already gained much headway, for when the fire department arrived the whole rear of the building was in flames.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Man and Wife Burned to Death at Freeport, Ills.

FREEPORT, March 20.—The home of Henry Boedeker was destroyed by fire Friday night. It was supposed that Mr. and Mrs. Boedeker were away from the city on a visit, but after the flames were extinguished their charred remains were found in the ruins. It is a very mysterious affair, and the current belief is that murder has been committed. The bodies were so badly burned that that it is impossible to tell whether or not there was any foul play. Mr. Boedeker was one of the best known of Freeport's business men, having for a number of years conducted a large coal and wood business.

Married Her Coachman.

NEW YORK, March 17.—A dispatch to The Sun from Boston says: Mrs. Frances Hiller, who is said to be worth $5,000,000 and who achieved notoriety a few years ago by having made and put in her house a costly burial casket in preparation for her death, was married Thursday night to her former coachman, Peter Surrette. She is three times the age of the man she selected. Mrs. Hiller is chief of the New England Medical institute at 34 Tremont row, but whether she will abandon the office now is not known.

Large Silver Mines Closed.

DENVER, March 20.—Thursday night on an order from the board of directors at Shanghai, China, the Sheridan-Mendota silver mines at Telluride, employing about 350 men, were closed down. These are the largest mines in that section of the state. They are owned by Englishmen in China and have ore enough in sight, it is claimed, to give employment to 1,000 men for twenty years. The mines will remain closed until silver advances sufficiently to make them pay.

Hundreds Thrown Out of Work.

PITTSBURG, March 20.—The loss to the United States Glass company by Sunday's fire at furnace "C" at Tarentum, is estimated at from $100,000 to $150,000. About five hundred persons, 280 of whom are girls, are thrown out of employment. The fire originated in the pot house. Although the loss is fully covered by insurance it is doubtful if the factory will again be rebuilt.

Death of Jules Ferry.

PARIS, March 17.—Jules Ferry, president of the senate, is dead.

FREEPORT'S MYSTERY.

Rumors Concerning the Death of Henry Boedecker and Wife.

FREEPORT, Ills., March 21.—Relatives of the late Henry Boedecker, who lost his life in such a mysterious manner by the burning of his house Saturday night, applied to the judge of this county Monday for the appointment of H. Leemhuis as administrator of the estate. The court complied and Mr. Leemhuis qualified for the place. He gave bonds in the sum of $64,000, signed by himself, H. Jenssen, and Fred Dorman. The deceased were relatives of Leemhuis and he has determined to get to the bottom of the mystery surrounding the death. Already he has begun a systematic investigation with that end in view. The coal and wood office has been taken charge of by the administrator and an investigation of Boedecker's affairs begun in order to put to flight all sensational rumors alleging suicide.

Carried Heavy Insurance.

Besides making a thorough search himself for light on the affair, he is determined to secure all the help possible and will offer a large reward for any facts which will tend to solve the mystery of the fire. Chief of Police Dittmore and his entire force have been at work on the case, but as yet can discover nothing tangible. Representatives of some insurance companies are on the ground. If it is proved that suicide was committed, some of the money will not be paid, for the policies are so written as to make them invalid in case of death from this cause. J. A. Crain has been retained by several of the companies to look after their interests and await what may arise. The companies have a large amount at stake, it being ascertained that Mr. Boedecker carried $27,000 upon his life, of which amount $15,000 was in accidental companies. This is considered a remarkable sum for a man of Mr. Boedecker's means to carry and leads to dark suspicions.

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

The Effect of Preferring Charges Against an Honest Man.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., March 21.—Ira S. Cook, Broome county's superintendent of the poor, died Monday of a broken heart. Several weeks ago his books were investigated by a special committee of the county supervisors, who discovered irregularities in his accounts. Superintendent Cook was given opportunity to make a full explanation, which he claimed could be satisfactorily done. Subsequent examinations proved that Mr. Cook's accounts, although mixed, were correct.

Of a Sensitive Nature.

The mischief had already been done, however. He was a man of extremely sensitive nature and was taken with nervous prostration. He gradually wasted away, despite the protestations of his friends that they believed him guiltless. The investigations which caused the trouble were made at the instance of W. H. Hall, who was appointed keeper of the county poorhouse by Mr. Cook. Differences of opinion regarding the management of the county farm led to the trouble between the men.

KAIULANI BIDS US FAREWELL.

Thanks to All Those Who Have Made Her Visit a Happy One.

NEW YORK, March 21.—The Hawaiian Princess Kaiulani, who sailed Tuesday on the steamship Majestic for Liverpool, where she will await advices from Honolulu, gave out to the press Monday evening the following letter of thanks, addressed to "the American people:"

"Before I leave this land I want to thank all those whose kindness has made my visit such a happy one. Not only the hundreds of hands I have clasped or the kind smiles I have seen, but the written words of sympathy that have been sent to me from so many homes, have made me feel that, whatever happens to me, I shall never be a stranger to you again. It was to the American people I spoke, and they heard me as I knew they would. And, now, God bless you all for it, from the beautiful home where your fair first lady reigns to the dear crippled boy who sent me his loving letter and his prayers.

[Signed:] "KAIULANI."

Infernal Machine Aboard Ship.

NEW YORK, March 21.—The reported discovery of an attempt to blow up the ship Cyrus Wakefield during her voyage from this port to San Francisco, for which she sailed on Saturday, was confirmed Monday. The plan to send the ship to the bottom by an explosion or to set her on fire by that means, was found out just in time to prevent the ship from sailing with everything prepared to carry out the diabolical design. A regular infernal machine was found in her cargo.

Had No Right To Be Jealous.

FAYETTE, Mo., March 21.—Crazed by jealousy, Golson Miller, aged 70 years, one of the wealthiest citizens of this county, shot William Wilson on the street here, wounding him fatally. Miller had been married a second time about a year ago, but had soon afterward separated from his wife, who then secured a divorce. Wilson had befriended the wife.

Explains His Disappearance.

SANTA FE, N. M., March 21.—Frank Lesnet, receiver at the Roswell United States land office, disappeared six weeks ago and has been mourned as dead, his wife having offered $2,000 reward for the recovery of his body. Advices from his old home at Lincoln say that he is short to the government somewhere between $9,000 and $20,000.

Governor Lewelling Very Sick.

TOPEKA, March 21.—Governor Lewelling, of Kansas, is a very sick man. Since last Friday he has been confined to his room at the Chesterfield hotel. On that day he was seized with a hard chill. This was followed by a fever which has grown worse instead of better. His physicians fear that he is in for a serious attack.

Pinto and Nina at Havana.

HAVANA, March 21.—The two Columbus caravals, the Pinto and Nina, arrived here Tuesday under the escort of the two United States warships Newark and Bennington, on their way to take part in the great Columbus naval review at New York.

Will Not Publish the Applicants.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Attorney General Olney has decided not to follow the example of the treasury department by making public the applications for office filed in the department of justice.

Foundries Burned at Alton.

ALTON, Ills., March 21.—The Plaza foundries here, owned by Garstan Bros., were partially destroyed by fire Monday. Loss, $30,000, partially insured.

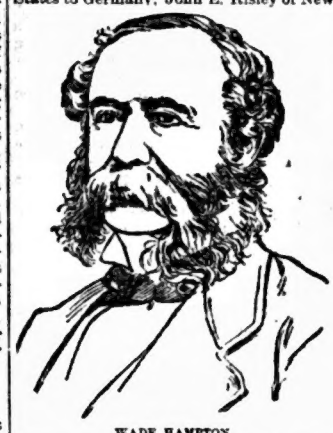
MORE NOMINATIONS.

Cleveland Sends a Number of Names to the Senate.

EUSTIS AS MINISTER TO FRANCE.

Theodore Runyan of New Jersey Goes to Germany and John E. Risley to Denmark—Wade Hampton Nominated for Commissioner of Railroads—Judge Gresham's Place on the Bench Filled by Justice Jenkins of Wisconsin.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—The president Monday sent the following nominations to the senate: State—James B. Eustis of Louisiana to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to France; Theodore Runyan of New Jersey to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Germany; John E. Risley of New



WADE HAMPTON.

York to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Denmark. Justice—Justice G. Jenkins of Wisconsin to be United States circuit judge for the seventh judicial circuit; Walter D. Dabney of Virginia to be solicitor the department of state; Charles B. Stuart of Texas to be judge of the United States court for the Indian territory.

Marshals and Attorneys.

To be marshals of the United States—William H. Hawkins of Indiana, for the district of Indiana; Abner Gaines of Arkansas, for the eastern district of Arkansas. To be attorneys of the United States—Clifford L. Jackson of the Indian Territory, to be attorney of the United States court for the Indian Territory; Joseph W. House of Arkansas, for the eastern district of Arkansas. Treasury—Ernest P. Baldwin of Maryland, to be first auditor of the treasury; Thomas Holcomb of Delaware, to be fifth auditor of the treasury. Interior—Wade Hampton of South Carolina, to be commissioner of railroads. Postmasters—Indiana: William L. Isenhower, Bloomfield. Michigan: Louis E. Rowley, Lansing.

FLAMES AT MILWAUKEE.

Two Fires Cause a Loss of Over Half a Million Dollars.

MILWAUKEE, March 20.—Fire broke out in the store of the J. E. Patton company, dealers in paints and oils, 362 East Water street, late Friday afternoon, causing a loss of $60,000 before it was gotten under control. The fire started on the third floor of the Patton building, how no one seems to know.

Fire started on the second floor of the Straw-Ellsworth Manufacturing company on Broadway, just south of Michigan street, at 11:30 Saturday morning. In three-quarters of an hour it was under control, but in that time a loss of $500,000 was sustained.

Secret Orders to Ship Wheat.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., March 20.—It is learned that every elevator agent in North Dakota has within a few days received secret orders to ship at once out of the state to Minneapolis and Duluth all the wheat possible. A big elevator syndicate centering in Minneapolis and Duluth controls all the wheat in store in this state not now in farmers' hands. The amount of grain now in elevators in North and South Dakota is unknown, owing to the policy of concealing the same in the alleged interest of producers.

Five Person Drowned.

EDINBURG, March 20.—The loss of five lives is reported from Millport, on the south side of the Isle of Great Cumbray, in Buteshire. A man named Wallack, the keeper of the lighthouse near the entrance of Millport harbor, started in a small boat with his four children for the town. Wallace was an experienced boatman, but in some unexplained manner his boat capsized and before assistance could reach him or the struggling persons in the water they were all drowned.

Had To Be Sent Back by Force.

NEW YORK, March 20.—Fourteen Austrians arrived a week ago by the steamship La Bretagne, bound for Joliet, Ills. It was decided that they were contract laborers and so debarred from landing. When told they must return and ordered to get ready to be taken aboard La Bretagne, which said for Havre Saturday, they first protested and then cried piteously to be allowed to remain. They were finally overcome by force and carried on board.

Caruthers Signs with Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 20.—The Chicago club has secured a valuable addition to its playing force in the person of Bob Caruthers, captain of last year's St. Louis team. Bob did not want to pitch this year, and when Von der Ahe insisted that he should, asked for his unconditional release, and secured it. He will play left field in place of Walter Wilmot, who it is not expected will play.

Naronic Had Immigrants on Board.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—"The missing steamer Naronic has on board several hundred immigrants," said Mr. Herman J. Sulters, lately European commissioner to inquire into the immigration evil. Information I received from Liverpool is to the effect that the Naronic has been carrying immigrants on her return to America. This last trip was no exception to the rule.

Will Not Fight in Buffalo.

BUFFALO, March 20.—The Corbett-Mitchell prize fight will not take place in Buffalo. That was definitely decided by the police commissioners and Superintendent Morgenstein Saturday morning and they so told a representative of the Buffalo Athletic club who called upon them with regard to the matter.

LEGISLATION FOR ILLINOIS.

The Solons Are Doing Something, But Not Hurrying.

SPRINGFIELD, March 16.—The senate yesterday confirmed all the nominations sent in by the governor Tuesday, and also the following sent in yesterday as members of the board of trustees of the Illinois Soldiers and sailors' home at Quincy: William Steinwedell, of Quincy; Lewis B. Parsons, of Flora, and James A. Sexton, of Chicago. F. M. Roberts, nominated by Governor Fifer, was also confirmed as public administrator of Green county. He is a Democrat. The bill to enable cities and towns to supply electric light and power was made special order for Wednesday next. The bill was passed appropriating $100,000 to Pontiac reformatory, as was the bill appropriating $20,000 to state, district and county fairs.

In the house a member was permitted to correct a roll call of the day before, claiming that he was recorded wrong. This establishes another precedent. The bill to have patrol wagons covered in all cities was amended so as to apply only to Chicago and ordered engrossed. The bill to regulate street car fares in Champaign and Madison counties was sent to third reading. The bill to punish men who desert their families without cause was amended by striking out "without cause." The bill to make mayors' terms four years and prohibiting re-election was killed. Both houses adjourned to Monday.

SPRINGFIELD, March 21.—The legislators are very slow in returning from their vacation. There were only twelve senators present when the senate convened yesterday and Speaker Crafts was able to count only seventy-three members of the house when that body was called to order. As no quorum was present in either branch of the general assembly no business of any kind could be transacted and there was nothing to do but adjourn.

ILLINOIS GRAND ARMY MEETS.

A Large Gathering of the Boys in Blue—Nominations for Office.

SPRINGFIELD, March 17.—The state encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was called to order yesterday at 10:30 a. m. by Commander Harlan, who delivered his report. Grand Commander Weissert, of Wisconsin, was present and made a speech. Balloting for officers consumed the afternoon session. The official announcement of the result will be made known today, but it is known that the totals showed that R. A. Blodgett, of Chicago, was elected department commander, and F. B. Hamilton, of Quincy, senior vice commander. The encampment is the largest ever assembled in the history of the order in this state. At least two-thirds of the delegates elected are in attendance and nearly all of them are accompanied by their wives or some member of their family.

Points From Harlan's Address.

In Harlan's address he deprecated more than one woman's organization connected with the order and praised the Sons of Veterans. He commended the management of the Quincy Soldiers' home. After he had concluded he was presented with a diamond badge by the encampment and his staff and a basket of beautiful flowers by the women of the pension office at Chicago. The nominees for junior vice commander were Dan R. Frazer, of Mount Carroll; R. W. McCartney, of Metropolis; P. G. Gardner, of La Grange.

Exchanged Compliments with Harrison.

A telegram was received from ex-President Harrison in reply to an invitation to attend. He wired: "Thanks to my comrades for their kind invitation, but I am here in hunting outfit only and could not make a visit of ceremony. Some other time." The following reply was sent: "The encampment has unanimously voted that you come as you are. They want to see you now; no other time will satisfy them."

The Woman's Relief Corps.

The Woman's Relief corps met in the senate chamber with 320 delegates present. National President Margaret Ray Wickens, National Counsellor Sue Pike Sanders, National Inspector Flo J. Miles, and Sarah M. Bradford, member of the national executive board, were among the prominent leaders of the organization present. Nominations were made as follows: President, Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace and Mrs. L. J. Pitkin, both of Chicago; senior vice, Mrs. Salome Wilson, of Lincoln; Mrs. Esther Woods, of Springfield, and Mrs. E. Findley, of Quincy; junior vice, Mrs. Charity Nichols, of Galva, and Miss Maggie, of Decatur; treasurer, Mary E. M. Cooly, of Olney; chaplain, Mrs. Linnscott, of Chicago, and Mrs. Mary Eldred, of Gardner.

Campfire in the Evening.

There was a large gathering in Representatives hall at the campfire in the evening. Governor Altgeld made a brief speech to say that he did not come to talk, but gracefully welcomed the encampment to the capital. Commander Harlan made an appropriate reply. Mayor Lawrence welcomed the boys to the city and remarks were made by Mrs. Wickens, of Kansas, and Charles W. Pavey. General Stibbs recited a poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

Women at the World's Fair.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Fifty ladies interested in the part to be taken by women at the World's fair listened to an address by Mrs. May Wright Sewell of Indianapolis, president of the National Woman's council. Mrs. Sewall said the congress would be attended by women from all over the civilized world and reports would show the present status of women in every country. The expense of entertaining women delegates from abroad will have to be borne by the women of this country, through the National Women's council.

Sargent Makes a Denial.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., March 20.—Grand Master Sargent of the Brothered of Firemen denies the report from Toledo that he had ordered the striking firemen on the Ann Arbor road to return to work. He will not do so unless asked by the grievance committee, which first asked for the strike. Speaking of the boycott and strike ordered on by the engineers and then ordered off under instructions from the court Mr. Sargent said he did not believe in boycotts, as they were un-American.

Preparing Against Cholera.

BERLIN, March 20.—Elaborate preparations are being made here to meet a cholera invasion. The utmost cleanliness is ordered by the authorities. Under the direction of thoroughly experienced bacteriologists special courses in that science have been opened for the benefit of young physicians.

School Building Burned.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., March 20.—At 8 o'clock Monday morning fire started in the boiler room of the high school building and in less than half an hour the building was in ruins. The loss will be about $40,000, partially insured. No scholars were in the building when the fire started.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

Events of the Week Given to the Reader in Condensed Form.

Miss Mary P. Nutt has given $40,000 to the Young Men's Christian association of Nashua, N. H.

A sewing machine was included among the presents the ex-empress of Germany gave her daughter, Princess Margarethe, on her marriage.

Frederick Douglass has organized a company for the purpose of establishing a large manufacturing enterprise near Newport News, Va., building a town and giving employment to young negro men and women.

The postoffice at Manitowoc, Wis., has been admitted to the second class, and will have a free delivery system. Three carriers have been appointed.

An unknown man was dragged from in front of a rapidly approaching Grand Trunk train at South Bend, Ind. He then started for the railroad bridge, jumped into the river and was drowned.

James L. Hamilton, sentenced to die by electricity at Sing Sing this week, has been granted a respite of one week by Governor Flower.

* * *

The Association of Iron and Steel Manufacturers was in session at Pittsburg. Much time was spent in discussing the wage question, but no decision reached.

At a meeting of the non-partisans of La Crosse, Wis., a ticket will be nominated. The Democrats have withdrawn their support from the plan.

M. Gould, traveling salesman for a Milwaukee house, has been missing from his home at Leroy, N. Y., since Feb. 9.

Charles D. Dickinson, who was in a railroad wreck at Baring, Mo., Feb. 14 and had a leg broken, died at St. Joseph's hospital at Kansas City.

John Freel, an old resident of Chandlerville, Ills., committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn.

The Iowa auditor of state issued certificates to Hudson Savings bank of Hudson, capital $15,000, and the Security bank of Boone, capital $25,000.

John Ames, a farmer living near Oakland, Ills., was killed in a runaway at Oakland. His team became frightened at the cars.

* * *

George Roberts was convicted of criminal assault at Oquawka, Ill. will be sent to Joliet penitentiary.

Thomas Lovett, 69 years old, cut his throat with a penknife at the soldiers' home near Erie, Pa., and bled to death.

Admiral Gherardi has decided use the cruiser Philadelphia as his flagship during the naval review.

Dr. J. H. Oakley of Cairo, Ills., who has been confirmed as assistant surgeon in the United States marine hospital service, has been assigned to duty at Savannah, Ga.

Miss Mehala Medley, postmistress at Local, Mo., has been arrested charged with opening the mails. She read letters addressed by a young man to a rival in her affections.

James Bosley, an aged and destitute peddler living at Marseilles, Ills., committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, preferring death to the poorhouse.

* * *

In a quarrel over the division of land left them and other heirs by their father, John and Emanuel Sheets fought with an ax and club near Huntington, Ind., both receiving fatal injuries.

The French academy does not agree to the suggestion that the name of M. de Lesseps should be removed from the roll of its members.

In a runaway accident at Greencastle, Ind., Mrs. George Briscoe was thrown to the ground, receiving injuries which will prove fatal.

The wife of John Sloan, a half-breed, attacked him near White Earth agency, Minn., with an ax, cutting him severely. He took the ax away from her and killed her with it.

John Black and Lutie Franks were found guilty of highway robbery at Oquawka, Ills., and sentenced to the penitentiary.

A freight train was wrecked on the Grand Trunk road near South Bend, Ind. Eight cars were derailed and badly damaged.

The village of Isabel, Ills., is suffering from an epidemic of measles.

Conductor Kleckler of the Lehigh Valley road had a leg broken and Engineer Shuman of the Pennsylvania an arm broken in a collision at Delano, Pa.

* * *

Mrs. Stephen Gray committed suicide at Eddyville, Ia., by taking carbolic acid. Domestic trouble led her to the act.

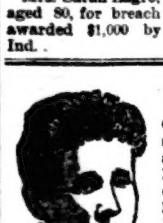
Henry Ryburn, while riding a pony in Bloomington, Ills., was run into by an electric car and instantly killed.

The Cleveland Cliff company will build a furnace at Presque Isle, Mich., to cost $250,000.

Congressman Cooper is ill at his home in Columbus, Ind.

Peter Kite, a farmer fell from a load of hay near Oakland, Ills., and received fatal injuries.

Mrs. Sarah Lagro, who sued Daniel Hill, aged 80, for breach of promise, has been awarded $1,000 by a jury at Elkhart, Ind.



Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 25, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Eleonora Duse in Repertoire.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Marshall P. Wilder.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Aristocracy."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Blue Jeans."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Isle of Champagne."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Power of the Press."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Carroll Johnson.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

NOTICE.

We have to ask the indulgence of our readers at Ottawa, Ill., and other places this week, as reports of St. Patrick's Day proceedings are unavoidably crowded out until next issue.

GLADSTONE MUST BE PROMPT.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will find it inconvenient to fall ill again until the Home Rule bill is put on its second reading. The yawp of triumph uttered by the disgraceful American renegade, Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, over the old statesman's failure to have the second reading on the 13th inst., and his implication that Gladstone got sick in order to avoid a conflict with the house of commons, shows how gleeful the Tories are over the matter. Smalley writes to his paper as follows:

"The attempt to coerce the house of commons has been abandoned, and the failure of the attempt is complete. The most powerful minister of modern times is not powerful enough for that. There is to be no second reading of the Home Rule bill before Easter. The motion is not to be made, and there is to be no debate till after the Easter holidays. The resistance of the minority has been effective. Mr. Gladstone, old parliamentary hand as he is, has learned a new lesson. He has learned that a powerful minority has rights which it can force a powerful ministry to respect. It is of good omen for minorities outside as well as inside the house of commons. It is a respite for Ulster. It may be a reprieve. It may be the ultimate salvation of the Protestant minority of Ireland, and of her great business communities, of her industries, of her general prosperity, all menaced by Heme Rule. Nobody can say how far the ultimate influence of this one act of successful resistance to legislative tyranny may reach. I do not suppose it once entered Mr. Gladstone's mind that his plans could be successfully withstood at this early stage. He put down the second reading of his Home Rule bill for the 13th, two days before the fatal ides of March. All through the previous week the minority protested. Their protests took a form so practical that the majority raised the cry of obstruction. The opposition claimed, at any rate, the right to be heard, the right to debate the ancient constitutional privilege that grievances should precede supply. They insisted that the country should have time to consider the great constitutional change which a great minister by unlimited use of an almost unlimited personal authority was seeking to force through parliament."

It seems to us that Mr. Gladstone will give good indorsement to those who have accused him of insincerity if he longer delays action upon the bill. Ireland has nothing to lose by hearing the measure fully debated—on the contrary she has everything to gain, because her speakers, including Sexton, Healy, Redmond, Dillon, O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor and Davitt, not to mention many others, are infinitely superior to the Tories, both as orators and logical debaters. Let the discussion be as full as possible. The Irish have suffered enough from suppression of free speech by the English in Ireland to wish to imitate their ancient enemies in England. Gladstone must not "smell too long at the medicine." The longer he hesitates, the harder it will be to make England swallow the dose. The Home Rule bill must be put on its second reading immediately after Easter or never.

IRISH-AMERICANS WANT ONLY AMERICAN EQUALITY.

Nobody will accuse THE CITIZEN of a wish to deprive Ireland or the Irish of any honor that may be shown them: but there is such a thing as forcing upon Irish-Americans privileges, which, as American citizens, they do not covet, and which only serve to embarrass them. St. Patrick's Day is, very justly, set apart by Irishmen as their national holiday; and, although it is a festival of the Catholic church, its proper observance is by no means confined to Catholic Irishmen. Irish Protestants also claim the day, and with good reason. Outside of the extremely rabid Orange class, Irish Protestants always wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, both at home and abroad. All that Irish-Americans, except perhaps a few silly ones, care for is to rationally enjoy their day after their own fashion. They don't want to force it on other elements. They don't want to interfere with the public business of this city, or any other; and, therefore, they cannot approve, as American citizens, of the order of the city council closing the public offices on that day. It was kindly intended, but it was an error. It has set a precedent that is certain to be abused, until the whole thing becomes a nuisance, and public disgust will be the consequence. The German-Americans have already had a day set apart, the 22d inst. for the celebration of the birth of William I, which occurred in 1797. Their aldermen had the city hall closed, in order not to be behind the Irish-Americans in point of recognition. Other elements, as their respective national holidays come around, will ask for like recognition, and cannot, in justice, or consistency, be refused, without giving great offence. There would be no harm in allowing city employes, whether Irish, German, British, French, Italian, Slavonic or Scandinavian, a half-holiday, or, indeed, a whole holiday, if it could be conveniently arranged with their fellow employes, on such occasions, but there is no necessity to close the city hall or other place of public business, for such a purpose. Only American national holidays, such as July Fourth and Feb. 22, should have, as they do have, such a privilege. These all American citizens can heartily celebrate together. Irish-Americans are sensible people, and do not ask for anything else than equality. They do not ask for ascendancy. If time could be spared to celebrate all national holidays as they come around, Ireland's should have just the same recognition as others, and no more. But as time would not allow of this, the best thing to do is to allow the day to be observed in the old fashion. Any other policy will only produce jealousy, absurd competition and general unpleasantness. Let us not, therefore, disturb the old conditions. Otherwise the city council will have no rest, and bigots will have a perpetual chance to rail against "the foreigners."

A BEFUDDLED BIGOT INSULTS THE AMERICAN IRISH.

When a man accepts the hospitality of an organization, no matter to what creed or element it may belong, the ordinary instincts of a gentleman should teach him that to outrage its feelings, when he is given an opportunity to speak, is among the lowest forms of blackguardism. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—a perfectly harmless Irish society—gave a banquet at Delmonico's, New York, on St. Patrick's night, at which one Joseph H. Choate was an invited speaker. Representatives from outside societies were also present. The man, Choate, was, singularly enough, chosen to respond to the toast of "Ireland." Instead of confining himself, as a man of refined feeling would have done, to his subject, Choate (Shoat?) according to a New York dispatch proceeded to say that "the parade might have been glorified if it had had representatives of the New England, Holland and St. George societies with it."

He continued: "All these might well have been at your chariot wheels. For what offices, great or small, have the Irishmen not taken? What spoils have they not carried away? From Mayor Gilroy—(Applause and then cheers.) I am glad to hear you applaud. I am the only man here tonight, I doubt not, who didn't vote for Mayor Gilroy. I voted for the other man. I've forgotten who he was. Bt it is no matter who he was. No man could stand against Thomas F. Gilroy and his 75,000 majority. But, gentlemen, now that you have done so much for America, now that you have made it all your own, what do you propose to do for Ireland? How long do you propose to let her be the political football of England? Poor, downtrodden, oppressed Ireland. Hereditary bondsmen, know you not that who would be free must themselves strike the blow."

At this there was laughter and several cries of "We can't" and "There isn't any way to do it." Mr. Choate went on: "You have learned how to govern by making all the soil of all other countries your own. Have you not learned how to govern at home—how to make Ireland a land of home rule?" There was a confused murmur in the room, some laughter, some excited gesticulations, a few angry looks, several cries of "That's too strong: Choate is carrying his sarcasm too far." Mr. Choate went on with a sarcastic smile of good humor on his face: "There is a cure for Ireland's woes and feebleness today. It is a strong measure that I advocate, but I am here tonight to plead for Ireland with the retaining fee in my possession, and I propose to plead. I propose that you shall all, with your wives and your children, and your children's children, with the spoils that you have taken from America in your hands, set your faces homeward, land there and strike the blow." At this there was some laughter, the representatives of the other societies doing the most of it. There were also many angry looks, several cries of "No, no," and two or three hisses, half suppressed. Mr. Choate, still smiling and sarcastic, went on: "Gentlemen, the g.o.m. needs you. He is clamoring for you and the g.o.p., to which I belong, has been so severely disciplined that it can get along without you. Think what it would mean for both countries if all the Irishmen of America, from Atlantic to Pacific, should shoulder their muskets and march to the relief of their native land. Then, indeed, would Ireland be for Irishmen and America for Americans." There was some applause, but scarcely any laughter. The banqueters were receiving Mr. Choate's good-humored sarcasms silently, and were waiting anxiously to see just how far he would go. Mr. Choate went on: "As you landed the g.o.m., would come down to receive you with pænas of assured victory. As you departed the Republicans would go down to see you off and to bid you a joyful farewell. Think of the song you could raise 'We are coming, Father Gladstone, fifteen millions strong!' How the British lion would hide his diminished head. For such an array would not only rule Ireland, but all other sections of the British empire. What could stand before you? It would be a terrible blow to us. It would take us a great while to recover. Feebly, imperfectly, we should look about us and learn for the first time in seventy-five years how to govern New York without you. But there would be a bond of brotherhood between the two nations. Up from the whole soil of Ireland, up from the whole soil of America, would arise one pæan—'Erin go bragh.'"

Mr. Choate may have considered himself very cute, and cunning, in his remarks, but he might as well be told that he only succeeded in showing how great a boor even an educated and talented man can become when he gives rein to his splenetic passions. His "smart" remarks were in execrable taste at a social gathering. It ought to be a warning to Irishmen, who are naturally too generous, confiding and liberal in their sentiments, not to invite to their banquets non-Irish American citizens of the class of this ill-bred person. Choate, whose native brutality of mind and temper will display itself in the midst of the most civilized surroundings. We have noticed that it is quite difficult for some Anglo-Americans, alleged to be gentlemen, to keep from insulting the Irish people when opportunity offers. We remember a case in point, in which the offender, who was then mayor of this city, and is now a candidate for the same office, came to a banquet given by the Irish-American Club, on a St. Patrick's night, at the Sherman House, and congratulated them that times had greatly changed for the better in America since an Irishman was privileged to stand at either end of the hangman's rope! This, too, in the hearing of 200 ladies, who came there with their fathers, husbands or brothers! That he was not, in the moment of indignation, hustled from the room, was owing to the inviolable law of Irish hospitality which will not resent even an insult offered by an invited guest. The same law explains, doubtless, why Joseph H. Choate was not pitched headlong from the dining room window at Delmonico's.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

The municipal battle has now fairly opened, and Carter H. Harrison is fairly confronted by Samuel W. Allerton for the important and honorable office of mayor. If the great meeting held at the Auditorium on Tuesday night is any indication of popular feeling in this city, Mr. Harrison is in much greater danger of defeat than his supernatural self-confidence would lead him to suspect. It was, beyond question, the largest political gathering ever held, under permanent roof, in Chicago, and the most representative, because it embraced all parties, and all classes. The Democrats who are disaffected toward Mr. Harrison were there in equal strength with the Republicans, and a third great contingent, equal, perhaps, to either of the other two, were the united independents and laborites. It will be a great struggle—one worthy of Chicago, and will be fought out on principle. The two tickets, as completed, are as follows: Citizens-Republican, Samuel W. Allerton, Republican, for mayor; Bernhard Niebling, Democrat, for treasurer; J. R. B. VanCleave, Republican, for clerk; James C. McShane, Democrat, for attorney. Democratic ticket: Carter H. Harrison, for mayor; Michael J. Bransfield, for treasurer; Charles Gastfield, for clerk; George H. Trude, for attorney. All the candidates are thoroughly well known, and are quite capable of giving a good account of themselves. Mr. Harrison affects to be disdainful of the opposition, but meetings like that held at the Auditorium, making due allowance for the curiosity which often swells an audience with mere on-lookers, are significant signs of the times. It seems to us that four times mayor ought to satisfy any moderately disposed man, and this opinion is shared by thousands of Chicago Democrats as well as Republicans. Carter is getting to that time of life when repose from public turmoil would be good for him.

UNCLE SAM ALLERTON may not be as great an orator as Demosthenes, for example, but he makes good points, and will know how to give the city a clean and economical government.

J. R. B. VANCLEAVE, Citizens' candidate for city clerk, is a fine looking man, and a good official. He is opposed by his brother-in-law, Charles Gastfield. Well, gentlemen, which ever way it goes 'twill be all in the family.

BERNHARD NIEBLING and Michael J. Bransfield are both excellent physical specimens of their respective "elements." "The boys" say that Bernhard is a German of Irish extraction; and that Michael is an Irishman of German ancestry. Thus, Bernhard O'Niebling and Michael Von Bransfield.

MR. MCSHANE, candidate for city attorney on the Citizens' ticket, is a fine looking young man and can make an excellent speech. George Trude is also young and eloquent, and, if there were sufficient time, THE CITIZEN would like to see them matched in a joint debate.

VERDI, the famous Italian composer, is a democrat *pur sang*. Writing to Signor Martin, Minister of Public Instruction, he says: "I read in the newspapers the report that the title of marquis is to be conferred on me. I beg you will do your utmost to spare me this honor, and I shall be none the less grateful, indeed I may say I shall feel more grateful to you, if this mark of favor is not bestowed." Edward Fitzgerald renounced his lordly title publicly in Paris one hundred years ago. Victor Hugo was a count by birth, but never tacked on that handle to his name. Rochefort scorned to be called marquis, although he was born to that rank. Great geniuses need no such silly distinctions. They are more honored without them.

THE lately imported Irish-Australian patriot, Mr. T. B. Curran, who married an actress a few weeks ago, signalized himself quite recently by attempting to take a seat in the English parliament and dispensing with the formalities necessary in the cases of introductions of members. Money, like charity, covers a multitude of eccentricities; and Mr. Curran, the McCarthyite M. P., is by all accounts a very wealthy man.

OBITUARY

MR. PETER SMITH.

Mr. Peter Smith, of this city, died on Monday at Hot Springs, Ark., where he went four weeks ago to recuperate his failing health. The news of his death was received here Monday night by J. E. McMahon, father-in-law of Mr. Smith, who lives at 2237 Michigan avenue. Mr. Smith was about 60 years of age. He was born in Ireland and came to Chicago nearly forty years ago. He was president of the Straus & Jandorf Shoe company, of 187 Fifth avenue, and he was also at the head of a large granite and stone company at the Thousand islands.

Mr. Smith had lived for many years at 2725 Indiana avenue. Eight years ago he married the widow of Mr. Christopher O'Brien, a prominent merchant of Toledo, Ohio, who survives him. They had no children. Mr. Smith had been in poor health the last two years. His physicians advised him to visit Hot Springs, as it was thought the waters at that resort would benefit him. He was a great sufferer from indigestion. A month ago Mr. Smith and his wife left for Hot Springs and they intended to remain there until the opening of the world's fair. Letters received from Mrs. Smith said that her husband was recovering his health, and it was expected that his old-time vigor would be restored. Monday afternoon Mr. McMahon got a telegram from Mrs. Smith saying that her husband was in a dying condition. Several hours later a second message was received informing Mr. McMahon of Mr. Smith's death. The telegram briefly stated that he died at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Hotel Eastman. In addition to Mr. Smith's other interests, he owned several big ranches and stores near Cheyenne, Wyo.

He was a man of the most amiable disposition and his sudden passing away is deeply lamented by all who knew him. He was a well known figure on the public rides of this city. An excellent horseman, he took great pride in his splendid Kentucky thoroughbred, and rarely missed a morning canter when his health permitted him to indulge in his favorite exercise. He had had great experience in the wild West, and was as well known in the remote territories as in this city, where he lived so long. Although very wealthy, he was simple in his tastes and habits, and abhorred all kinds of snobbery. Mr. Smith was a member of St. James' Catholic parish, and was a devout, but unostentatious, communicant.

The remains arrived in this city on Tuesday, and the funeral occurred on Wednesday morning, from Mr. MacMahon's residence to St. James' church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hugh McGuire, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Van Pelt and Swanson. In spite of the heavy rainstorm, a very large congregation assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Smith. The obituary sermon, which was both able and impressive, was preached by the Rev. Father McGuire, who dwelt at considerable length on the Christian and manly virtues of the lamented deceased. At the conclusion of the religious services, the remains were re-borne to the hearse by the following pallbearers: Col. M.C. Hickey, John B. Lynch, Capt. John J. Healy, Thomas Hutchinson, P. McHugh, P. J. Sexton. An immense cortege escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred.

THE CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR ON THE CITIZENS' TICKET.

Mr. Samuel W. Allerton, the citizens' candidate for mayor, is a typical American, and has been, like nearly all leading Chicagoans, the architect of his own fortune. He is now in his 64th year—five years younger than his opponent—and is still as active as a man in youthful middle age.

He was born in Armenia, Dutchess county, N. Y., and comes from an ancestry of sterling character and brilliant devotion to the cause of patriotism, liberty, and right. His father's name was Samuel Waters Allerton and he is a direct descendant of Isaac Allerton, one of the Pilgrims who came over in the Mayflower, and who was commissioned on several occasions to return to England in the interests of the Pilgrim colony. The middle name was that of an ancestor who took an active part in throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor.

Mr. Allerton's father operated a comb factory and a woolen mill at Armenia for a number of years, but a reduction of the tariff in 1833 ruined his business and he went to Dubuque, Ia., and there engaged in lead mining.

When Mr. Allerton was only 13 years old he succeeded, with the aid of his mother, in raising $500, with which they rented a farm on the banks of Seneca Lake in Yates county, N. Y., where he worked until the age of 19, when, with money saved through the young man's industry and good management, the family bought a farm in Wayne county and moved to it. Samuel retained about $600 worth of live stock and farming implements and rented a farm on his own hook in Yates county, where he remained until 23 years old. Then he estimated his wealth at $3,300. He had at that time displayed considerable of the financial ability which has been conspicuously shown all through his life. Furthermore, the substantial character of the young man was clearly demonstrated by the fact that he was enabled to borrow on his individual note $5,000 at the banks in Wayne county. With the $3,300 saved out of five years' farming and this borrowed capital he commenced dealing in live stock in central and western New York. But the field of operations there soon proved to be entirely too small for his ambition, and in 1856 he came to Chicago.

Here he continued to purchase live stock and ship to New York City. After two years, however, and on account of failing health, he returned East, located at Newark, N. J., and engaged in the dry goods business. But that occupation was not to his liking. After one year's absence he came back to Illinois. He did not even wait to sell his store. For a year he resided in Fulton county, as a stock buyer, then married, and moved in 1858 to Chicago. At that time there was only one person with whom he had a personal acquaintance in this city. He commenced business in a small way at the Merrick Yards on Cottage Grove avenue, buying stock and shipping it East. The courage of the man and his entire confidence in his own judgment, as well as a proper recognition of the value of his own integrity, were soon demonstrated.

A little incident that fully illustrates the man's sound business judgment and keen farsightedness is related. In May, 1860, the price of hogs suddenly dropped $1.50 per hundred. Mr. Allerton at once saw in that decline an opportunity to make some money, but he didn't have enough cash of his own, nor had he as yet established relations with any bank in Chicago. One day he secured an introduction to the cashier of the banking house of George S. Smith—his name was Willard—and to him put this question:

"If I pay for three telegrams—one to my commission house in New York, another to your New York correspondent, who shall be directed to inquire if my commission house is good, and a third to my banker at Newark, N. J., inquiring as to my personal integrity—will you if the answers are satisfactory cash a sight draft for me tomorrow?"

Mr. Willard said he would. The telegrams were sent and the replies that came back were all right. Mr. Allerton went direct to the Stock-Yards and bought all the hogs in Chicago. The next day he presented a sight draft at Mr. Smith's bank for $80,000. The amount was so large that it staggered Cashier Willard and he refused to cash it. This was a great disappointment to Mr. Allerton, but it did not discourage him. He got the money at another bank, and in that deal really laid the foundation for the splendid fortune he has built up.

Mr. Allerton is variously estimated as worth from $5,000,000 to $8,000,000. In a list of Chicago millionaires published in the *Tribune* of April 6, 1890, his wealth is given as $6,000,000. In the *Tribune* of March 23, 1890, under the caption "How Chicago's Rich Men Made Their First $1,000," Mr. Allerton is referred to as follows:

"Sam" Allerton, as everybody about the board calls him, was a cattle buyer in New York state. He bought and shipped for others and now and then turned a deal for "Sam" Allerton. It was on one of these turns that he made $400. That was his first big money. The state of New York wasn't big enough for him after that and he came to Chicago, where he has been in the packing business ever since. Several times in the last few years Mr. Allerton's name has been mentioned in political circles, but he has not yet ventured into the field.

In 1865 Mr. Allerton and John B. Sherman conceived the idea of establishing the Union Stock-Yards. He wrote the first letter to the *Tribune*, setting forth the great advantages that would result to the farmers of the far West from having a central market where all buyers would be brought together.

GIVEN THE LAETARE MEDAL.

Notre Dame University's Decoration Conferred on Patrick Donahoe.

An interesting ceremony took place in Boston on St. Patrick's Day. It was the presentation of the famous "Laetare medal" to Patrick Donahoe. This medal is the one given each year by the University of Notre Dame to a distinguished Catholic layman. It is a sort of American "Golden Rose," for, just as the Pope confers the "Golden Rose" upon some laymen in acknowledgment of services rendered, Notre Dame confers her "Laetare medal." This medal is a magnificent piece of jewelry. The medal is a large round one hanging from a bar inscribed with the name of the recipient. On the face of the medal is the motto: "Magna est veritas et prævalebit." "Laetare medal" and the year of presentation are also upon the face. The back of the medal bears the following: "Presented by the University of Notre Dame to ——— in recognition of distinguished services rendered to the American Catholic public."

An address always accompanies the medal. It is generally in Latin, and is printed on the finest of watered white silk. The cover of the address is also of silk, ornamented by paintings from the brush of Gregori, a distinguished Roman artist. Gregori, it will be remembered, is the painter who decorated Notre Dame's "Columbian Corridor" with the magnificent Columbian series of pictures. One of these has been taken as the design for the 10-cent Columbian stamps. Each year a piece of silk is forwarded to Gregori in Rome and is returned by him with the design upon it.

The Laetare medal has been given by Notre Dame since 1883. The first to secure it was Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the Catholic historian. In 1884 the medal was conferred upon Keeley, the architect, who has built in his time more than seven hundred churches and fifteen cathedrals. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, the distinguished writer and lecturer on art, was the recipient of the honor in 1885. The first scientist to have the medal conferred upon him was Gen. John Newton, who blew up Hell Gate and cleared New York harbor of that formidable obstruction. The medal was given to him in 1886. In 1887 a queer occurrence happened. The trustees of the university had decided to give the medal to a distinguished convert, who had contributed much to Catholic literature. When the presentation time came it was found that on his conversion the gentleman had taken a vow never to accept any ecclesiastical honors whatever. The medal, of course, could not be presented to him de facto, though it had been de jure. In 1888 the recipient of the honor was P. V. Hickey, the editor of the *Catholic Review*. Anna Hanron Dorsey was the one favored in 1889. In 1890 William J. Onahan had the medal conferred upon him. In 1891 Daniel Dougherty received the medal. Last year the honor was conferred on Maj. Henry F. Brownson, of Detroit. This year the medal was given to Patrick Donahoe, the founder of the Boston *Pilot* and *Donahoe's Magazine*.

The medal takes its name from Laetare Sunday, so called on account of the mass for that day beginning with the word "laetare," or rejoice. It was taken to Boston by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., professor of physics at the university. In the absence of the venerable Archbishop Williams the presentation speech was delivered by Very Rev. Dr. Barnes, vicar general of the archdiocese of Boston. The medal is well given. Mr. Donahoe has been identified with Catholic literature for many years. After founding the *Pilot* and managing it for several years, he gave place to the lamented poet-patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly. After O'Reilly's death Mr. Donahoe took hold again, and has kept up the reputation of the *Pilot*.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

LITERARY.

"Worthington's Magazine."

Worthington's Magazine for March is a royal number. Evidently this vigorous young magazine is growing and thriving, since, though exceptionally bright from the start, each number steadily gains in interest, attractiveness and value, and its success in catering to the varied tastes and requirements of the American family at home proves its ability to give valuable points to many an older and more experienced periodical. The March number opens with a superbly illustrated article upon "The Chicago Women's Club," written by Sara A. Underwood, one of its prominent literary members. It is of timely interest to all progressive people in these close-of-the-century days, so aptly called by Victor Hugo, "The Woman's Era." Besides the history of the club and its various methods of work, educational, social, philanthropic and reformatory, many pleasant personal items are given concerning leading members and their special lines of activity and usefulness. The article is lavishly illustrated with views of rooms and buildings occupied by the club, the Woman's Temple, (W.C. T.U.) and portraits of members, which admirably reproduced, add greatly to the interest and value of the paper. The thousands of club women, and members of the W.C.T.U. all over the United States will find this an inspiring paper, as depicting one of the most striking signs of the times, the active part that women are taking, with courage, energy and wisdom, in the most important practical forms of the world's work. Other articles are "Phillips Brooks—A Study," by Miss Lilian Whiting; "Ole Virginny—Fifty Years Ago," by Mrs. Livermore; "How I Write a Novel," written a short time before her death by Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards; "Phenomena of the Desert," by Col. Thomas W. Knox; and much more, both in prose and poetry, of striking merit and general interest.

A HERO'S DEATH.

How "Henderson, the Mormon," Sold His Life Dearly to the Apaches at the Entrance of Seven Mile Canon, Arizona.

One of the Most Desperate Battles, Against Overwhelming Odds, in Indian Annals.

BY JOHN F. FINERTY.

"Henderson the Mormon" owned a small ranch and cattle range in the vicinity of Fort Apache, Arizona, in 1881. He was a tall, thin, silent, sunburned young man, whose polygamous theories, if he entertained them at all, were never expressed in public. He had that rare human faculty of minding his own business exclusively, which made him a favorite with the few settlers by whom he was surrounded. His native grit had been satisfactorily proven in several fights with the raiding Apaches, but he never boasted of, or even alluded to, his prowess. He had only one wife, and he was fond of her, and of the two little children that had blessed the union. Henderson the Mormon may have had a history in Utah, but he made no one the wiser of it in Arizona.

There is scarcely a more beautiful region in America than that portion of the Territory which lies between the Gila River on the south and Cibicu Creek on the north, in what is commonly known as the White Mountain country. Nature has lavished her favors there, in order, perhaps, to make up for the grim sterility characteristic of the greater part of Arizona. Precipitous hills, heavily wooded, rise on every side. The valleys, if often narrow, are generally fertile, and the canons, through which flow clear, rapid streams, have few rivals in gloomy sublimity. In such a country Henderson the Mormon settled down with his young family.

Rumors of Indian raiding in different parts of the troubled Territory reached the hardy ranchman early in the summer of '81. Here and there along the Gila, a ranch had been burned, the occupants murdered and the stock run off. Flying parties of the bloody Apaches had visited Henderson's own neighborhood, but he was always on guard, and, no doubt, his reputation as a crack shot, and a dauntless fighter, saved him from molestation. Matters soon quieted down again, and the settlers were assured by the military authorities that no further danger need be apprehended.

Toward the end of August Henderson's wife pointed out the desirability of replenishing the almost exhausted stock of household necessities, which could not be obtained nearer than Globe City, distant a few days' journey from the ranch. On a delightful summer morning, Henderson hitched his favorite span of horses to the family buckboard, placed his trusty Winchester rifle, with the necessary ammunition, in the bottom of the conveyance, kissed his dear ones good-bye, and started cheerfully on his long and lonesome trip.

He reached Globe City in safety, made his purchases, and, returning, stopped over at the San Carlos Indian Agency, where a warm friend of his was was among those employed there. He was hospitably welcomed, and, while enjoying dinner, the agency telegraph operator happened in and was introduced. The conversation turned, very naturally, on Indian affairs. "I would advise you to remain here for some time," said the operator to Henderson. "There is some trouble near where you live. A rumor has reached Fort Apache that a false prophet has risen among the White Mountain Apaches, and that General Carr has been attacked and defeated on the Cibicu. Have just had the news over the wires, and must hurry back to my post."

The telegrapher soon left and Henderson's friend then urged him most earnestly to remain until further particulars of the outbreak could be ascertained. But the Mormon was obdurate.

"I had heard of the false prophet," said he, "before I left the ranch, and some of the Indians around Apache seemed rather uneasy, but I think the affair is made too much of. The Apaches, when they rise, will be out for murder and plunder, not for religion."

Just then the operator ran into the room breathless, and rather excited. "The news is confirmed," said he. "Captain Hentig and six soldiers of the 6th cavalry have been killed. Many more are wounded, and General Carr has been compelled to retreat to the fort. It would be madness for you, Mr. Henderson, to attempt to get through at this time."

"I guess I can take care of myself well enough," said Henderson cooly. "How would it look to leave my wife and babies to face the danger without me? I have a good Winchester rifle of the latest model, and three hundred rounds of ammunition, in the bottom of the wagon. I promised to be home within four days from the time I started, and I am bound to keep my word."

His hearers shook their heads misgivingly, but no argument could alter Henderson's purpose. Night fell, the stars came out most radiantly, as they always do in that climate, and the Mormon left the agency by the old wagon trail. Whipping up his team, he killed time by singing an old song of his boyhood, learned among the far off mountains of Utah. He had with him in the buckboard, besides the warlike appliances and groceries, a three-gallon can of kerosene oil, which was destined to a far different use than that for which it was purchased. On he drove rapidly through that nobly parked country, where nature, the greatest of landscape gardeners, has planted the graceful juniper tree, and the richly verdant mountain oak in such profusion—on past Ash creek to the steep walled canon of the Black river—a gloomy cleft in the mountain chain over which ominous shadows brood even when the sun is in the zenith. The cliffs beetle savagely over the rushing water, and Henderson is compelled to contemplate what a choice position it would be for an Apache ambuscade. "Halt! Who goes there?"

The challenge, sharply uttered, makes the Mormon's bold heart beat a little faster for a moment, but the appearance of a man in the uniform of the United States cavalry, for day had already dawned, so that objects were fairly distinguishable, reassured him. The soldier held his carbine at a "ready," and as Henderson's reply was satisfactory he was told to advance. Another soldier then appeared and the defenders of the country informed the Mormon that they had been detailed from Fort Apache to guard the rope ferry over the river in place of the citizen employes who had fled on account of the Indian scare.

"The mail carrier from Camp Thomas passed here only an hour ago," said one of the soldiers. "I guess he's about cleared Rocky canon by this time. He was going it at a lively pace and was full of the Indian business."

"I guess we'll be full of Indian lead pretty soon, if we have to remain here," remarked the other soldier. "However let us not get killed on empty stomachs."

All three then set about preparing breakfast, and presently the smoke from their cooking fire was curling in the morning air. They were soon seated at a comfortable meal, and discussed the Apache outbreak with the calmness of men accustomed to the desperate chances of the Arizona frontier.

"This would be a bad place to get 'jumped' in sure enough," remarked Henderson. "If there are Indians hanging around, two or three men would be of no account whatever. There ought to be a picket posted on the top of the cliffs to protect you fellows down here."

"Oh, hang it," said one of the soldiers, "men are cheap at $13 a month. The government thinks more about one lazy Indian's life than about a regiment of us fellows."

"If the Apaches should attack us," the other soldier interjected, "we could stick in some kind of a hole under these cliffs and stand them off until help came."

"Hello! What is that?" exclaimed his comrade, pointing to little clouds of dust, which seemed to rise in puffs along the crest of the northern cliff.

They had not long to wait for an explanation, for, within a minute, a horseman, and evidently a soldier, appeared upon the brow of the bold bluff, and rode at headlong speed down the steep, but zig-zag trail.

"Something serious is up, sure," said the Mormon. "That man s from Fort Apache, and he has news for you, boys, as sure as my name is Henderson."

The three men, without loss of time, ran over the ferry to the other side of the river, and were soon joined by the "solitary horseman."

"You fellows have no time to waste here," he shouted as he drew near. "Get on your horses quick, and make tracks with me to the fort if you value your scalps. Otherwise they may be drying in front of old Geronimo's 'wicky-up' before night. The general has been whipped and driven back, so you are ordered to abandon this place at once."

"Any signs of the reds around the fort when you left?" asked Henderson quietly.

"No, but they may be there by this time. We'll be lucky if we can get in without 'finding' any of them. I met the mail carrier at the far end of Rocky canon, and he was riding for all he was worth. That's a pretty tough hole to get into, but the Seven-Mile canon is worse."

The Mormon and the soldiers, now thoroughly alive to their mortal danger, were soon ready for the road. The soldiers were on horseback, but Henderson stuck to his double team and buckboard, determined to stand or fall with them. The whole party held well together, apprehensive, but still cheerful. On they traveled through scenes that seemed to breathe of peace, and charity, but amid which lurked danger in its most ghastly and terrifying form. The radiant sun poured its ardent beams upon them in an atmosphere intoxicatingly bracing and rarified. Birds sang amid the umbrageous trees, and the little streams danced along their stony water courses in limpid and sparkling gleefulness. Surely, there could be no death in that sweet summer air, so laden with fragrance and vitality. The southern entrance to Rocky canon, that long and tortuous defile, is reached. The rocks, trees and undergrowth that follow the whole course of the pass afford a thousand lurking places to the cunning and treacherous foe. From end to end, that canon had been reddened by the blood of the white man. The four travelers, knowing its history, hold their rifles in readiness, and, with nerves strung to their utmost tension, take their chances with a feeling of desperate resignation. They are determined, if the worst should come, to sell their lives dearly, as became brave men. But neither sight nor sound of savage foeman disturbed their rapid passage through Rocky canon.

"We may get through without a brush, after all," said Henderson, as the party emerged from the northern mouth of the canon upon a comparatively open plateau.

"If my eyes don't deceive me," said the eldest of the three troopers, "I saw a signal smoke in the direction of the fort a second ago. Ha! by heaven, there it goes again! Do you see it, fellows?"

His companions looked, and, away many miles in advance, they saw slowly rising a small column of smoke, which suddenly disappeared. Then twice in quick puffs, it rose again, and they saw it no more.

"The red rascals are signaling some party, sure as shooting," said the veteran trooper. "I hope they haven't spotted us."

They traversed the plain rapidly, although the heat had become intense, and, when nearing Seven Mile canon, overtook a ranchman on horseback, who, having noticed the signal smoke, and seeing a party of whites behind him, halted until they came up. He gave his name as Griffin and said that no money could induce him to make the run of Seven Mile pass after what he had seen.

"You may do what you please, boys," said he, "but I'm going to halt right here and wait for night. That smoke was between us and the fort, and I'll be hanged if I want any matinee with the Indians in that canon in broad daylight."

He dismounted, tied his horse to an oak tree and lay down in the shade.

"None of them can surprise me here," he explained, "because I can see for miles all around me; but excuse me from becoming a target for the Apaches in that bloody death trap yonder."

The others made no reply but kept on their course in moody humor. Early in the afternoon they were in full view of the canon, and the dead silence that reigned around them filled even their resolute hearts with a nameless awe. The southern approach to the formidable pass is heavily timbered on both sides of the wagon trail and quite close up to it. There is but little underbrush, and, as the anxious travelers bend their eyes warily in every direction, they can observe nothing to create uneasiness.

The soldiers, riding in the short, thick grass on the right side of the road, halt to breathe their horses and light their pipes before proceeding through the dreaded canon. Henderson turns off with his team a little to the left, and unbridles his animals in order that they may graze in comfort.

Without warning, the branch of a juniper tree on the right side of the trail snaps and falls to the ground. The horses, startled, prick up their ears, and the troopers, who had dismounted, spring to their feet in alarm. A flash like lightning, followed by a sharp crack, awakes the echoes of the fated spot. The three soldiers, shot to pieces by Apache guns, are prone upon the ground, and as the savage war-cry rings out upon the drowsy summer air, Henderson the Mormon, horrified but undaunted, knows that he is the only one of his party left alive! Down from the trees jump, and up from the canon rush, the wily and cruel foe.

Gathering up all his ammunition, and grasping his trusty rifle with the grip of despair, the brave Mormon immediately puts himself in a posture of defense, between some rocks and fallen trees that happen to be near him. The Indians have caught the stampeded horses, and have unhitched his team from the wagon with marvelous despatch. Bang! bang! Two death shrieks follow the report of the Mormon's Winchester, and his liberated horses dash madly down the canon. The buckboard remains by the wagon road.

And now begins a tragedy the like of which has seldon disfigured even the awful annals of Indian warfare. The savages form a regular circle around the position occupied by Henderson and keep up a ceaseless fusillade, to which the Winchester boldly makes answer. Wounded in a score of places, the white hero keeps up the fight, and thins the ranks of his enemies, but the odds are two hundred to one, and numbers must prevail. At last a bullet strikes Henderson near the the temple and glances off. The shot is not immediately fatal, but the brave man lies there stunned and helpless. He comes back to consciousness only to find himself in the hands of those who have never yet shown mercy. Subjected to the torture and nameless mutilation, Henderson the Mormon never gratifies his executioners by shriek or groan. At last, when the vital spark has nearly fled, they tie him to the axletrees of his wagon, surround him with a pile of wood, soaked in the kerosene he had bought at Globe, and burn him to ashes.

Twenty-four hours later, warned by Griffin, the man who had prudently refused to enter Seven Mile canon in daylight, a company of the 6th cavalry, under Captain Overton, came upon the scene of the slaughter. The soldiers are buried where they fell, but of Henderson nothing but a few blackened bones remained. But where he fought, Captain Overton counted and collected 257 Winchester shells, which the gallant victim had expended out of 300 that he had with him. They had also found the body of the mail carrier down the canon, near the spot where the signal smokes appeared.

The White Mountain Indian outbreak was subdued in good time, and when the savages came back to the reservation, they related much of that which is here recorded. Henderson had won their admiration, yet the death of a dozen of their bravest warriors had to be avenged in traditional Apache fashion; but, to this day, if any Indian is asked who was the bravest white man that ever fought in Arizona, he will surely reply, "Henderson, the Mormon."

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

"What's in a name?" Well, that depends. For instance, the name of "Ayer" is sufficient guarantee that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine, scientific blood-purifier, and not a sham, like so much that goes by the name of "Sarsaparilla." Ayer's sarsaparilla is the standard.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Extensive Preparations for World's Fair Tournaments—An Appeal to the Prominent Irishmen of the City.

Never since the first Gaelic club was organized on the West Side three years ago, was there such interest centered in the association as there has been at the present time, and never were the members so alive to a sense of duty, nor more eager to make their association a grand success. The association now consists of fifteen affiliated clubs with an aggregate membership of two thousand sturdy athletes capable of competing in the different departments of athletics. At the recent annual convention held at Curran's Hall, it was announced by the directors that complete control had been obtained of the grounds situated at 37th street and Indiana avenue, and, owing to the obstruction of the residents in the vicinity to the carrying on of games during last season, the funds of the association are almost depleted, and it was decided that a grand reception and ball would be given by the association in order to strengthen its funds, and that all the prominent Irishmen in the city be requested to co-operate. The following arrangement committee, with Con O'Donnell as master of ceremonies, was selected from the different clubs throughout the city: P. Gannon, Jas. Callaghan, J. J. McGlenn, P. D. Fitzgerald, R. W. Wolfe, B. J. Mahony, A. Donoghue, E. E. Walsh, J. S. Hyland, J. Cullerton, T. Murphy, J. Nugent, P. Coffey, Thomas O'Neill Jones, and T. White. The reception takes place at the Second Regiment Armory, on Saturday evening, April 1. The committee held their weekly meeting on Friday night at 8 South Clark street and received reports from the sub-committees which were most favorable. Over two thousand tickets had been distributed amongst the clubs, and a like number, accompanied with a circular, had been mailed to prominent citizens, soliciting their support. The proceeds of the undertaking will be expended in erecting a stand and putting the grounds into repair. Tournaments and athletic feats of all kinds will be carried out on the grounds during the summer. Engagements have been made already with clubs in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Ireland, and at present everything in connection with the association points to a most successful issue, with a season of rare athletic engagements.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and purmanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. O'Donnell's New Establishment.

Mr. Jeremiah O'Donnell has opened a new place of business at No. 608 Ogden avenue, where he will be happy to see all his old friends, and as many new ones as may choose to patronize him. There is room enough for all, and a "cead mille failte" into the bargain.

In cases where dandruff, scalp diseases, falling and grayness of the hair appear, do not neglect them, but apply a proper remedy and tonic like Hall's Hair Renewer.

T. Shea, Tailor.

126 Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Says Editor Jackson, in introducing his new paper, *Jefferson Jackson's Chicago:* "Salutatory articles are a bore, yet they are necessary so far as they state the scope and character of a newspaper. We see no necessity of apologizing for this issue and promising greater excellence for future ones. Of course they will be better, but this one can stand on its merits. We shall publish an interesting and readable paper, and, while not a religious sheet, it will always maintain a moral tone which shall make it a safe production for the homes of the people, where we purpose to place it. All matter of an injurious tendency will be expurgated. The matter will be of a character to interest *everyone*, and *everyone* is asked to subscribe or buy the paper."

THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

The Manager of the Irish and Donegal Industrial Village in the Midway Plaisance is prepared to receive proposals for high class entertainments and exhibits of suitable character and patriotic interest. Address, MANAGER, Donegal Industrial Fund, 43 Wigmore street, London, England.

SHOURDS & KASPER,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evenings.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN W. HUGHES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John W. Hughes, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 28, 1893.

MARY HUGHES, Administratrix

David Sullivan, Attorney.

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

State and Washington Sts.

Coming directly to the point

about CARPETS.

Prices—If they change—before May 1st will NOT BE LOWER.

Assortments—By all means—will be broken—not so complete.

Promptness—Ability to cut, to fit, to lay Carpets—on short notice—perhaps impossible.

Will the Public--open its eyes.

Our Annual Exhibition Sale—is in progress. Our workroom books are open—URGING advance orders.

It's high time--to buy Carpets.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, March 6, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$9,170,495.46
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		7,904.99
U. S. bonds to secure circulation par value		50,000.00
Other bonds		258,700.00
Due from Nat'l banks	$1,387,457.13	
Due from State banks and bankers	366,661.81	
Exchanges for clearing house	778,257.24	
Bills of other banks	5,965.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	3,709.05	
Specie	1,999,535.00	
Legal-tender notes	415,000.00	4,956,585.23
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas'r (5 per cent of circulation)		2,130.00
Total		$14,445,935.68

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		185,743.57
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		30.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$6,545,360.90	
Demand certificates of deposit	996,408.35	
Certified checks	89,181.60	
Cashier's checks outstanding	107,800.20	
	$7,739,150.64	
Due to other National banks	3,238,599.13	
Due to State banks and bankers	1,237,412.34	
	$4,476,011.47	
		12,215,162.11
Total		$14,445,935.68

State of Illinois, Cook county, ss:

I, William A. Hammond, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of March, 1893. ARNOLD HEAP, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: WILLIAM D. KERFOOT, GEO. SCHNEIDER, E. H. VALENTINE, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

FORT DEARBORN NAT'L BANK

OF CHICAGO.

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, March 6, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$1,833,076.21
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		1,135.62
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Stocks, securities, etc.		78,000.00
Due from other National banks		191,585.73
Due from State banks and bankers		50,211.77
Other real estate and mortgages owned		16,104.51
Checks and other cash items		1,519.62
Exchanges for clearing house		64,311.82
Bills of other banks		26,649.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		114.89
Specie		181,727.50
Legal-tender notes		273,500.00
Redemption fund with U.S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$2,770,136.77

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$500,000.00
Surplus fund	75,000.00
Undivided profits	16,232.75
National bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	1,301,653.31
Demand certificates of deposit	292,315.58
Certified checks	29,417.19
Cashier's checks outstanding	18,401.67
Due to other national banks	180,548.95
Due to State banks and bankers	311,567.02
Total	$2,770,136.77

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.:

I, L. A. Goddard, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

L. A. GODDARD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of March, 1893.

CHARLES E. FARNSWORTH, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: JOHN A. KING, A.D. RICH, GEORGE KELLER.

JOHN T. O'CONNELL,

88 Washington-st, Chicago.

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

BUILDING LOANS A SPECIALTY.

Special Attention Given to the Interests of Non-Residents.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF CHICAGO.

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business March 6, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$18,589,387.85
Overdrafts		2,107.39
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Premiums paid		49,318.64
U. S. bonds on hand		343,800.00
Other stock, bonds and mortgages		1,832,792.50
Bank building and other real estate		850,000.00
Due from other National banks	$2,002,123.91	
Due from State banks and bankers	1,440,043.33	
Checks and other cash items	2,914.79	
Exchanges for clearing house	1,272,896.03	
Bills of other banks	126,500.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	15,790.53	
Specie	5,554,490.00	
Legal tender notes	1,242,700.00	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	44,000.00	
		11,406,428.88
Total		$33,212,615.26

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund		3,000,000.00
Undivided profits		488,329.61
Dividends unpaid		980.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$12,703,134.40	
Demand certificates of deposit	1,217,052.01	
Certified checks	282,001.00	
Cashier's checks outstanding	191,959.38	
Due to other National banks	7,984,997.44	
Due to State banks and bankers	4,878,536.50	
		26,723,500.73
Total		$33,212,615.26

State of Illinois, Cook county, ss.

I, R. J. Street, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

R. J. STREET, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of March, 1893. OTTO KASTRUP, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: LYMAN J. GAGE, JAMES B. FORGAN, EDWARD F. LAWRENCE, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK

AT CHICAGO.

In the State of Illinois, at the close of business March 6, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$5,218,009.84
Overdrafts		262.19
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Other stock and bonds		308,373.95
Due from other National banks	$1,001,312.44	
Due from State banks and bankers	33,431.51	
Exchanges for clearing house	398,365.00	
Bills of other banks	83,000.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	1,282.15	
Specie	1,475,000.00	
Legal tender notes	447,865.00	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	44,000.00	
		3,396,676.10
Total		$8,974,023.08

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$500,000.00
Surplus fund		500,000.00
Undivided profits		112,638.28
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$6,265,737.94	
Demand certificates of deposit	536,397.77	
Time certificates of deposit	15,501.13	
Certified checks	52,679.38	
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,852.43	
Due to other National banks	867,679.05	
Due to State banks and bankers	333,516.10	
		7,816,384.80
Total		$8,974,023.08

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.

I, F. M. Blount, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of March, 1893. C. L. DAY, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: ADOLPH LOEB, MAURICE ROSENFELD, C. K. G. BILLINGS, Directors.

Appointment Wanted

As Advertising Manager, expert. Editor or Publisher by an Irishman 28 at present manager in London publishing and advertising firm. Eight years' experience in all departments of publishing, bookselling, advertising, writing and designing. Excellent references. Graduate of Dublin University. Moderate salary to commence. Please address "Manager," care of Harrison & Son's Advertising Offices, 12 Paternoster Row, London, England.

AUSTIN J. KILKENNY,

Wholesale and Retail

HAY, GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED DEALER,

4937 SOUTH HALSTED-ST, CHICAGO.

Prompt Delivery Car Lots a Specialty.

No Cure. No Pay!

DR. KEAN

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

Established 1864

170 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

THE OLD STAGE ROAD.

It was long ago, but the young leaves glowed
In their sun gilt dew by the mountain road,
When the bee swung on from his blackberry bloom.
When the partridge rose with a hollow boom,
And the rabbit peeped with his eyes ashine,
And the squirrel jeered from the bough o' pine,
And the thrush broke short in his half thrilled song
As the grand red stagecoach jolted along
The old route over the mountain.

It was long ago when the loud wheels passed.
Now thrushes may tinkle their chimes to the last:
Now nothing troubles the wood hush lone.
The squirrel nibbles the seeds of his cone.
The nighthawk ruffles his breast in the sand,
The white birch leans with his silver wand,
And elfins lighten the brambles' load,
And the clover blooms in the gullied road,
The old route over the mountain.

And long ago at the end of its route
The stage pulled up and the folks stepped out.
They have all passed under the tavern door,
The youth and his bride and the gray three-score.
Their eyes were weary with dust and gleam;
The day had gone like an empty dream.
Soft may they slumber and trouble no more
For their eager journey, its jolt and roar,
On the old route over the mountain!

But an air breathes down from the midnight sky
With firefly lamps and a rushing sigh,
And passing whispers will murmur low
Secrets and gladness they used to know.
And often in winter the wind roars through
With thump and whistle and fierce halloo
And cracks the treetops and whirls the snow
Like phantom horses of long ago
On the old route over the mountain.
—Irene Putnam in New England Magazine.

ALBA.

A swirl of snow from the mountain side blinded the eyes of the convicts, and they wearily begged to be allowed to rest, but were told roughly to push on. Ragged and worn, the poor women, who had left home and country to follow their exiled husbands, hugged puny, crying babes to their chilled bosoms and dragged on resolutely. A pitiful sight, truly! Men and women, many of them reared in luxury, were now forced to march day after day in the most inclement weather, with scant clothing and only the poorest foods—a black bread made from the sweepings of mills. Even pebbles and other refuse formed the greater part of the ingredients. With this bread they were allowed a cupful of water. That was all!

One of the convicts, a lad of 17, whose handsome face was smirched with blood from a wound on his broad forehead, caused by a blow from the fist of one of the guards, leaned wearily on the "varnak" on his left, to whom he was chained. The chain depending from his right hand and attached to his foot seemed unusually heavy, for he was weak from loss of blood, but a kick from the guard nearest him forced him to make a desperate effort to push on. His glossy black hair fell in matted locks over his brow. Doubtless his rank had induced the authorities to show him some marks of favor, for he was more warmly clad than his fellow convicts, and his head had not been shaven. His face gleamed pale in the sun's rays, but it aroused no pity in the hearts of the inhuman guards.

Ivan Smoloff, the youngest convict in this detachment, was a descendant of a royal family of Poland, now under the stern despotism of Russia. He had attempted with a small band of followers to defend his country against the Russian forces, but the courage of his countrymen soon weakened, and after the burning of Warsaw they gave up all hope. The emperor, fearing another outbreak from this fiery young nobleman, ordered his arrest and his exile to Siberia. Hearing of this, young Smoloff escaped to Germany, wandering over the continent for eight weary weeks, only to be captured at last and exiled. No farewell word with mother, sisters or sweetheart; no last look at his old home. Hurried off like a common criminal—for defending his country!

"I cannot go farther."

These words force themselves to his lips, and he sinks down, dragging his comrade with him. The guards swear at him, kick him, and finally order him to be stripped and beaten. The women shriek with terror and cover their eyes, but the sounds of the lash ring in their ears, and long after the tortured youth's lips cease to move they can hear his piteous cries. At last the quivering flesh is hastily covered with the coarse clothing, and he is chained again and told to move on.

"You have a knife on your watch chain; sever the veins in your wrist and put an end to your sufferings," whispers the convict on his right.

"I cannot," he answers feebly. "I cannot take my own life."

"Better to be dead than suffer this living death! Give me the knife; I will soon put an end to my misery."

Smoloff detaches the tiny knife and gives it to the half maddened creature, who surreptitiously severs an artery in his wrist and bravely bears up until forced to fall from exhaustion. The order is given to fire, and all is over. Another convict is chained to Smoloff, and they move on.

Ivan Smoloff envied the dead "varnak" and silently prayed for death. It was well nigh impossible to add "if it be thy will." There was no escape but by death. He had thought of many ways. Even if he could elude the vigilance of the guards he dared not hope to get out of the country, for the natives were paid 3 rubles a head for every "varnak."

At Tiumen the convicts were crowded into a barge and carried across the Obi. As they neared Tomolsk, Smoloff was suffering excruciating pain, and in a frenzied moment twisted the chain which bound him to the next "varnak" and ran a few paces. The cold air blew his hair from his forehead and sent the young blood coursing through his body. He was free, if only for one moment! Running with all the strength he could command, he strained his ear to catch the order to fire.

"One, two, three—fire!" Six shots rang out on the wintry air. Then three more were dispatched at the prostrate body. One guard went up and kicked the stiffening form outlined on the snow. "Right about! March!" And they were gone.

Night fell, and the stars came out one by one and blinked at the prostrate figure lying so still and cold, with the life-blood crimsoning the snow, and then beckoned the moon to see the pitiful sight.

* * * * * * *

Alba Senref, princess of Arnak, was considered proud and cold by strangers, but they little knew the tenderness of the young princess' heart. Pledged from childhood to Ivan Smoloff, only son of the royal house of Poland, she had lavished all her young love on her future lord. When the news of his banishment reached her, she did not faint as his mother did. They were at a brilliant ball. The order was immediately given to drive home. Then with pale lips and white, drawn face Alba sat down beside her fire and tried to devise some means of escape for her lover.

All night long she paced her room thinking, thinking, thinking! She must do something. Six o'clock struck, and still no plan was made by which she could help him. Sinking on her knees she prayed for help. The servant, entering an hour later, found her asleep. She seemed dazed when awakened. Then she said:

"Tell my maid I wish to see her."

When the maid came, she ordered her wraps brought.

"But your ladyship will change her dress?"

No, there was no time to lose. Already much had been wasted. Hastily slipping the fur mantle over her ball dress, which she had not yet removed, Alba filled her purse with money, and bidding the maid tell no one where she had gone she left the house. Making her way alone to St. Petersburg, regardless of impudent glances from travelers, she thought only of Ivan, who was going farther from her every moment.

It was a dull, cold morning when she reached the city. Snow was falling in great flakes. The princess drove to the palace, but was refused admission when she told her errand, as they compelled her to do. For hours she wandered aimlessly through the streets, attracting much attention by her rich attire. At last, weary and heartsick, she entered a church to say a prayer for her hapless lover. As she left the edifice she was startled by the tramp of soldiers. It was the emperor's escort. They were passing up the street in the direction of the palace, the emperor bowing right and left to the crowds of people on the sidewalks.

Pushing through the crowd she reached his carriage and implored him to save her lover. He scarcely heard her, and turning to the soldiers demanded the cause of the disturbance. They rudely forced her back, and the carriage moved on slowly. But she was not to be repulsed without another effort, and again making her way to the side of the carriage she repeated her earnest appeal. The emperor requested the soldiers to bring the maiden closer. With downcast eyes and cheeks flushing hotly she told of her love for the exiled nobleman, and again implored his excellency to pardon him.

"Never will I pardon that rash boy. Go to your lover and starve with him in the mines."

The royal party moved on, the soldiers jostling her roughly as they passed. She stood but a moment gazing after them with horror stricken eyes. Go to him? Yes, she would and stay by his side.

The train seemed to drag along, but at last she reached Moscow. Determined not to leave a stone unturned, she called on the metropolitan of Moscow. As his eminence appeared, attired in a brown moire antique robe glittering with jewels and wearing the white crape hat of a metropolitan, with diamond cross in front, she forgot her rank, and falling on her knees at his feet she kissed the hem of his robe. In passionate tones she begged him to use his influence with the emperor to have her lover pardoned.

"My child, it is utterly impossible. If it were any one but Smoloff, there might be hope, but I can give you none. The emperor will never pardon him."

He could but pity her as she left the room with a dazed look on her sweet face. She must go to her lover. The kind old man procurred a passport for her, and she was enabled to cross the border. How slowly the train crept! She sat with pale face pressed against the window, watching the snow capped mountains.

After crossing the Obi at daybreak she was compelled to walk for miles through the blinding snow, often falling on the rough stones, but bravely trying to keep up her courage for Ivan's sake. Gusts of snow blew in her face, stinging like lashes, and sometimes the wind forced her back, and she stood still. Her clothes were tattered and soiled when she reached Tobolsk. Here she inquired how long it had been since the convicts had passed.

"Three days ago," the station guard answered.

"Was—Ivan Smoloff with them?" she asked.

"No, he died just before he reached there. He was shot." "Shot!" How the word rang in her ears! How strange everything looked! The gloomy station, the grinning, evil faces of the guards as they leered at her. She noticed even the cut of their whiskers and the dirty bulletin on the wall announcing the number of convicts that had passed there that year. One of the guards attempted to kiss her, but with fiercely gleaming eyes she pushed him roughly aside and bounded like a deer out of the door. She forgot her sufferings. Only to get away from those cruel men, to get beyond reach of their jeers and cruel words. "He is dead," she murmured to herself again and again.

For days she retraced her steps, scarcely knowing where she was going. Sometimes rough men stared at her, but the look of absolute misery in her face served as an armor to protect her, for they only stared and passed on. Once a Tartar man who looked at her with his kindly black eyes, thinking she was but a child, picked her up in his arms and carried her a long distance. They are very strong, those Tartars, who inhabit this part of Siberia. She could not understand his language, but knew he was trying to speak kindly to her. His swarthy skin, black hair and high cheek bones contrasted oddly with her pale face and sun kissed hair. He doffed his small embroidered skull cap as he left her at the door of his cabin and shook his head when she slipped some rubles into his hand.

It was night when she reached Tiumen and found shelter in a miserable inn. As she sat near the fire in the smoky room she attracted the attention of an old man, who addressed her in Polish.

"Are you in trouble?" he asked. She was such a child in spite of the care in her face!

"Yes," she replied wearily.

"I am a pardoned exile from Obdorsk. I was sent there for drunkenness. I have suffered too."

His worn, attenuated frame and sunken eyes seemed to echo his words.

"Did you ever see any of the political exiles?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes. I met some at Tobolsk. From there they go to the Trans-Baikal district."

"How long were you there?" She searched his face with her restless eyes to see if she could read there any sign of his having seen her lover.

"Five years!" He wondered that she expressed no sorrow. It was a long time to spend in that godforsaken country, but she was saying to herself, "I might have known he had never seen Ivan." Still something prompted her to tell him. Her heart was aching for some one to advise her. Merely telling our troubles sometimes lightens them.

"I had a lover who was exiled. So handsome and brave. But he was shot near Tobolsk."

"Near Tobolsk? How long ago?"

"Six days."

"Was he dark, with eyes like a Tartar?"

"Yes. His eyes were like midnight skies, with twinkling stars shining through." She seems paralyzed from cold and fatigue and wonders vaguely how he knows that Ivan's eyes were dark. Is he sane? What does he mean? He is saying that he has seen Ivan! It was only three days ago! Mother of God, is it true? No, she must be dreaming!

"Your lover is living," he repeats. "I saw him at Berezov three days ago. He was trying to reach the coast, expecting to take a steamer for America."

It is long before he can make her understand, but he tells her again and again. She starts hastily to her feet.

"I will go to him," she whispers, and although he insists that she must wait until morning she shakes her head. He gives her some advice as to the route, and goes many versts with her, in spite of his feebleness. He can scarcely keep up with her. She seems to have acquired new energy and almost runs.

At daybreak they find a boatman, who rows her some distance, the old man leaving her at the river bank. "God speed you!" he said, but she thinks only of reaching Ivan, and scarcely looks at the pathetic figure waving his tattered hat at her from the shore. Her hands were clasped in her lap. Something like a smile hovered round her mouth. Once when they were very near the shore some women came down to the water's edge with some red eyed children. They peered at her curiously, and one of them tossed a piece of bread to her. They thought she was a beggar, her clothes were so ragged, and her golden hair was so rough.

She dares not inquire for Ivan at Berezov, but silently searches for him. She feels satisfied at last that he has left the village, and finding a boatman to take her to Obdorak gives him more gold than he has seen for many a day. How her head throbs, and the trees seem to be dancing before her eyes. Strange to say, they are very kind to her at the quiet Obdorsk inn—she seeks the most unpretentious one. They nurse her with rough tenderness for days. She talks incessantly of Ivan, but her language is strange to them, and they do not understand. In her delirium she rises from her bed and wanders along the coast, calling feebly for Ivan, sinking down in the sand at last from weakness. When she awakens, she finds Ivan's arms around her.

"Alba, what are you doing here?"

She tells him how she has searched for him.

"And you did this for me? My darling! How can I love you enough! Off there with the convicts I thought of you many times and longed for one love look from your blue eyes, but I never expected to see them again. And lying in the snow, when they left me for dead, I, too, thought for a time that death was very near and I should never again feel your kiss on my lips."

Then he told her how after the train had left him he had revived, as it would seem, by a miracle, and had dragged himself to a hut, where he was nursed until he was able to keep on. Even now his wounds were not entirely healed.

The ships passing looked like great white birds in the distance. One stopped. It was only a freight ship going to Alaska, but they kindly allowed the fugitives to board her, and as they steamed away from the country that they feared and hated they felt a load lifted from their weary, burdened hearts.

It was not until long afterward, in their peaceful American home, that Alba heard the full story of Ivan's terrible sufferings in reaching Obdorsk.—Emma Rebekah Rice in Romance.

Ingenious Methods of Smuggling.

Some very ingenious methods are employed for transmitting dutiable articles by post. Not very long ago a package from Germany was found to contain a small roll of butter. A wire passed through it met with an obstruction, which proved to be a tin box filled with valuable jewelry. Probably a dozen silk handkerchiefs are found wrapped up in newspapers in every mail from China.

The skill exhibited by the postal clerks in detecting such contraband inclosures is wonderful. It seems to partake of the nature of intuition. They say that they do not know themselves how they do it, but that a newspaper with a silk handkerchief in it has a sort of gritty feeling when manipulated. Silk stockings are mailed from France in the same manner. —Washington Cor. Boston Transcript.

SIOUX LOVEMAKING.

HOW A YOUNG INDIAN WARRIOR MAKES KNOWN HIS PASSION.

He Goes to Work In One of Two Ways, Either With Food or Music—Chases the Maiden of His Choice With a Blanket or Sings to Her In the Dead of Night.

Although the Sioux Indian is, under all other circumstances, as stoical as a stone, his heart softens under the touch of love, and he is as romantic in his courtship as the most sentimental Caucasian. The old custom of selling a maiden to her lover by her father has fallen into disrepute. It is one of the savage customs successfully eradicated by missionary teachers. In those days a squaw was considered a beast of burden, while her condition is now much improved.

There are two characteristic methods of Sioux courtship commonly practiced, though it must be admitted that with the gradual education of the young men and women in the schools there is an apparent tendency to ape the ways of their white brothers and sisters and to consume the fuel of their parents in the pursuance of their lovemaking, but with those from whose natures it seems impossible to eradicate the traits of their forefathers the customs followed by their ancestors are still comme il faut, and to these they stubbornly adhere.

Ration day is seized upon by these "true Indians" for lovemaking, and the sport of it is as heartily enjoyed by the old as by the young. When a brave finds upon the agency grounds the maiden of his choice, he manifests his preference for her by taking the blanket from his shoulders and stretching it out before him, rushing at her with the intention of throwing it over her head and shoulder. If the brave doesn't succeed in capturing the girl at the first attempt, he tries again and persists in his efforts until he is satisfied by her action that his suit is not approved. If his advances are favored, the maiden, after a brief period coquetry, allows the blanket to settle over her head, and thus enveloped she listens as well as she can to a verbal accounting of his deeds of prowess as a hunter, of his possessions in ponies and skins, and the low chanting of a song in which he pledges his love eternally.

If after listening to this the maiden is still willing to become his squaw, she tells him so. The blanket is removed from her shoulders and together they go to the maiden's parents, or, if they are dead, to her nearest relatives, to whom they declare their desire. The match is speedily sanctioned, and when they leave the agency the bride carries on her shoulders a portion of her husband's rations.

There is less romance in this method of winning a wife than in the custom of wooing with the aid of a flute. Such a courtship as this must be carried on in the spring when the sap is running in the trees, for only at this time can the wooer make his tuneful instrument. The manufacture of a flute is not a difficult piece of work. A section of willow or any other wood with a smooth bark is chosen. It must be about 15 inches long and half an inch in diameter. With a smooth stick this piece of wood is vigorously rubbed until the bark has been loosened on the wood. It is then twisted off. A row of holes is cut through the bark, and it is when completed exactly like a fife, though less shrill in tone.

The brave invariably chooses a pleasant night for his lovemaking. When the conditions are favorable, he locates himself a short distance from the tepee in which the object of his affection is sleeping and blows on his bark flute a weird chant, probably an impromptu composition.

Of course the sound of the flute attracts the attention of the people in the village, who gather around to hear the swain and indulge in good natured banter at his expense. If the maiden is a true lover and a desirable man for husband, she will continue his playing, indifferent to the presence of his tormentors.

The test sometimes lasts two hours before the father of the maiden who is thus being wooed issues from the tepee and ascertains who the serenader is. He reports to his daughter, and if she approves the suitor she goes forth to meet him and leads him to her tepee for the sanction of her parents. If she doesn't approve the man, she tells her father to dismiss him, which he does, and the unsuccessful lover disconsolately pockets his flute and leaves, followed by the jeers of the crowd.

It not infrequently occurs that the lovemaker is unable to keep his temper while the crowd is rallying him. He sometimes even throws down his flute and attacks his persecutors. Such a manifestation is considered an evidence of bad taste and indicating a defect in the wooer's character. It is useless for the unfortunate fellow to press his suit further after such a breach of etiquette.

Sioux parents of a marriageable daughter use a good deal of diplomacy in disposing of her hand in marriage. They are always ambitious to find a husband who has considerable wealth, for according to tribal law they are entitled to a certain portion of the possessions of the son-in-law. It sometimes happens that the hand of the same maiden is sought by several braves. When this is the case, the will of the father rises superior to that of the daughter, and she is compelled to consider his choice, which he does not make until he has excited a lively bidding among them for his daughter's favors. Needless to say she usually goes to the man who has the greatest amount of property to share with her father.—Kate Field's Washington.

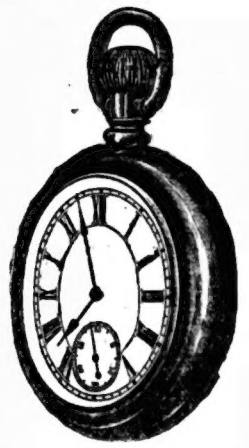
What the Italian Laborer Fears.

Italians are less prone to strike than any other laborers, the one sure way of bringing them to the point being the withholding of their wages. They are very suspicious, and if not paid in full at the appointed hour take alarm, fearing that they are going to lose their earnings. Such a thought sets them wild. Argument is useless. The employer who gets behind with his payroll is lost.—New York Tribune.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5 50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12 50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12 00 This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and instalment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to prevent the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $ 2.10.

No. 39 Gold filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof open face $12 25

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.35. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thickly on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls, the future pledge and band,
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!
—Every Other Saturday.

THE THREE SONS.

The house was to all appearances untenanted. There was not a sign of life visible from without, but in one of the magnificent rooms overlooking the Rue de Vaennes sat three men anxiously awaiting the result of the consultation which was then taking place to know if there was the slightest hope not for the recovery, but for the prolongation of the sufferings of Gabrielle Anne Sophie, dowager Marquis de Guebrianges, their mother.

The oldest gentleman, the marquis, was tall and thin. He might have been 30 years old, but his age was difficult to guess, his face being so utterly devoid of expression. His few remaining hairs did their best to disguise their scarcity, but in spite of their well meant efforts it was distinctly visible that this "glass of fashion" was bald. The marquis was a cold, heartless man, in whom none could feel the slightest confidence; he was egotistical to the last degree, with no superior intelligence to palliate his overwhelming selfishness.

The second son, Count Rene, was quite different. Full of life, with frank blue eyes that looked a man full in the face and a smile as winning and a nature as expansive as the marquis was reserved and repellent, he seemed to be of a different race, and his restless energy and keen intelligence had shocked the old marchioness and driven the late Marquis Hercule de Guerbrianges to the verge of distraction. "Rene is quite unlike the rest of the family," he often said, with a sigh. "I wonder from whom he inherits his disposition. Perhaps from your side of the house, marchioness; certainly not from mine."

The youngest son, the vicomte, was just 20, but his wrinkled face and bent figure made him look much older. He was one of those old young men who are so frequently met nowadays and so painful to see, who appear to be a growth peculiar to this end of the century.

At last the door opened, and the men of science stepped softly across the threshold. The famous specialists who had been summoned at the last moment began a long account of the case couched in terms which, though doubtless intelligible to his colleagues, conveyed no meaning at all to the young men. At last he came to the point, and with trembling voice and tearful eyes told them to prepare for the worst. The old lady was sinking rapidly. Then the physicians withdrew, and the brothers heard the old doctor invite his comrades to the theater in a voice which did not tremble, and, to judge by his cheerful tones, the tears were very far from his eyes indeed.

"Old hypocrite!" thought Count Rene.

The others thought nothing at all.

The three sons entered the darkened room and stood around the bedside of the dying woman.

The marquis asked her if she was suffering. She shook her head. There she lay, just alive, and nothing more. She seemed to realize what a slender hold she had upon life and to try and economize her little remaining breath, for she did not utter a word, and the blue eyes, so like her second son's, gazed wistfully upon her children, and two tears—the last she would ever shed—rolled slowly down her withered cheeks.

What a life hers had been! Full of the pomps and vanities of this world, brilliant and enviable without, but in reality one long martyrdom. She thought of all she had endured for her boys' sake, of the insults, of the neglect, even brutality of the husband of her youth, and she wondered as she lay there gasping her life away if half her punishment for her sins had not been meted out to her on earth. Instinctively, in this supreme moment, she turned to Rene, for he was the only one of her sons who had ever shown her any real affection, and now she remembered how she had always curbed his exuberant nature and received his caresses coldly enough and sent him away many a time with something very like tears in those bright blue eyes. She tried to extend her hand to him, but her strength failed her, and the hand fell wearily to her side.

"Do you know us, mother?" asked the marquis.

A low hissing sound issued from her lips, and the men leaned over her to catch, if possible, the words she was trying hard to frame.

The vicomte stifled a cough with his handkerchief. The marquis listened attentively, but on these two faces there was no sign of emotion. They might have been at the bedside of the merest acquaintance, while Rene, poor fellow, felt a lump rise in his throat and the tears stream down his cheeks. This woman was his mother, and she was dying.

"My sons," gasped the woman. "I know that I am dying, and before I go to my last account I have a confession to make. Don't weep, Rene; keep your tears for a better woman. God knows what you will think of me when you know all. I have been an unfaithful wife, and one of you has no right to the name he bears. It is—it is"— Here the voice died away, and she sank back among her pillows.

It was over, and one more soul had gone into the presence of its Maker. The brothers retired softly, and once in the adjoining room looked at each other apart. "Which could it be!" At last the marquis spoke with more emotion than he had ever shown in the whole course of his self absorbed life.

"Death has cut short the painful revelation which has startled us all so terribly, and I am sure you will both agree with me in what I am about to say. To the dead we will pledge ourselves, and no human being will suspect that in the veins of one of us flows blood perhaps less proud than that of our mother's husband. Before the world we will continue our present relations, and in respect to the dead we will pledge ourselves never to seek to elucidate this mystery. But we must part. Each must go his own way, for with this fearful doubt in our minds we could never live under the same roof in harmony.

"I, Jean, am the marquis; you, Rene, the count, and Francois the vicomte de Guebrianges. Thus the family name will remain intact, and the world will never guess our dishonor. What do you think of my proposition?"

"I think that you are right," said Rene. "You have expressed my own ideas exactly, and I am sure that Francois is of my opinion. But there is something I must say in spite of the pain the very thought gives me, and I hope that you will not be hard upon me. I believe my mother referred to me. Listen to my reasons."

His brothers started at his bold words, and like the loved gentleman he was the Count de Guebrianges proceeded to do what he considered to be his duty.

"You, Jean," he continued, "are our mother's firstborn. You came into the world the year after her marriage, so you are out of the question altogether." The marquis smiled. Of course he was out of the question. "You, Francois, were her pet—the one upon whom she lavished all her love. You were born only a few months after the death of our sister Bertha, who was the pride of my mother's life and whom she has mourned literally in sackcloth and ashes for so many weary years. It would be an insult to my sister's memory to cast a slur on you, while I am different. God help me! I first saw the light in a strange land. The late Marquis de Guebrianges was then embassador to St. Petersburg. My mother was very young, very beautiful, fascinating and sorely neglected. Be lenient if she faltered in her duty. She was our mother, and she is dead. Her expiation has been long, and she has carried part of her secret with her to the world beyond the grave. I am convinced that I am the stranger, and I feel that I am giving her the supreme proof of my love and respect in telling you what I think to be the truth. Now, what am I to do?" The count turned from them and hid his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook with the emotion he could no longer control. It was not for himself, but the woman who lay dead in the next room had been the idol of his life, and he wept that she was no more. The marquis' voice, cold and contemptuous, roused him.

"My brother and I thank you for your frankness. To the world you will always remain the Count de Guebrianges, but you must go."

"When will you leave?"

"After the funeral," said Rene in surprise, and looking up he met the cold, implacable gaze of his eldest brother.

By tacit consent they returned to the chamber of death and reverently knelt beside the couch where the marchioness reposed. Suddenly they sprang to their feet as she slowly raised herself, and pointing to her eldest son gasped:

"It is—it is Jean."

Then she fell heavily back. She had only fainted before, but this time she was dead indeed.

Rene said nothing, but his strong arms encircled his brother's tottering form, and in after years his true heart never wavered in his affection for his brother, nor in his respect and devotion for the dear martyr whose last breath had been his vindication.—From the French of Henri Lavedan in New York Journal.

The Commercial Traveler.

In some respects the American commercial traveler is a potent influence. He carries with him the latest city chitchat, and if he be a young man perhaps the latest slang or the newest funny story. It has been said that a noted American after dinner speaker depends largely on that class for his humorous stories. At all events, the commercial traveler has studied the art of pleasing, and he is a welcome figure at the dreary country hotels where he pauses for a little time in his rapid flight through the sections remote from city influences. In some respects he is an oracle on moot points, and his dictum on many phases of business or politics carries much weight.—Boston Advertiser.

Climbing a Cathedral Tower.

A most peculiar custom which has been preserved since the middle ages at Friburgen-Brisgau is that of climbing the cathedral tower upon the anniversary of the birth of the reigning Duke of Baden. The tower is 400 feet high, and to scale it from the ground to the apex is a very difficult performance, attended with great danger. It is done by climbing from one projection to another, these being on the average one foot apart. A single false step means death. To descend is also no easy task. Each person who makes the climb and descent safely receives 5 marks from the state and a ticket of admission to the annual dinner given in honor of that day.—Chicago Tribune.

Doing Anything.

A sharp boy struck a Jefferson avenue merchant the other morning for a job.

"So you want to be an office boy, eh?" queried the merchant good naturedly.

"Yes sir."

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

"That's the same old answer," said the merchant. "Do you expect to get paid for doing anything?"

"You bet I do," snapped the boy. "You don't expect me to do anything without pay, do you? That's what the other man expected, and I got out."

The boy took the job.—Detroit Free Press.

FAMOUS FRENCH EATERS.

A Worthy Couple Who Spent the Greater Part of Their Lives at the Table.

When epicureanism is joined with an expert regard for the laws of digestion, it ceases to deserve reprobation. All the world might, on this basis, properly consist of epicures, for if one has nothing more to eat than oatmeal porridge, mutton broth and cabbages and prepares those articles of food daintily and skillfully he may truly call himself a gourmet. A distinguished instance of the influence of good cookery in prolonging life was found in the case of the Marquis and Marchioness de Bechamel, famous epicures in the days of the old monarchy in France.

Bechamel achieved the distinction of having a sauce, which survives to this day, named after him. He married a young woman named Valentine de Rochemont, who is said to have attracted him purely because she was a wonderfully good cook and had a remarkable appetite.

Though this might seem to be an insufficient basis for a happy marriage, it proved quite enough in this case. The marquis and marchioness cooked and ate together for 50 years in perfect accord and perfect health. They were said to have almost passed their lives at the table, and when they were not at the table together they were generally in the kitchen together. That their cookery was wholesome their long life testified, and that it was delicious all the famous eaters of their epoch were absolutely agreed.

They had a famous feast at their golden wedding. For many years the marquis had been saving for this occasion a bottle of priceless Constance wine from the Cape of Good Hope, and every guest was to have a drop or two of it.

Just as the bottle was being brought out the Marchioness of Bechamel sank to the floor. It was quickly ascertained that she was dead. She appeared simply to have reached the term of her existence, and her death at such a festival was regarded as a most beautiful and touching one.

The bottle of Constance was put away unopened. The marquis was inconsolable. Before long he fell apparently hopelessly ill. In this emergency his physician, having informed him that his end was surely near, the marquis called for the bottle of Constance wine.

With a sinking, dying voice the old man said:

"When I meet my beloved Valentine on the other side, she will say, 'What is that perfume, my dear, which I detect upon thy lips?' And I will answer, 'It is the Constance wine, my beloved, that we had saved for our golden wedding!'"

Bechamel drank of the wine, and his livid head fell back upon the pillow. All supposed that he was dead, but he was merely asleep. An hour afterward he called his nephew and sent him with a key to open a drawer in a secretary and bring from it a box.

The nephew made all haste, supposing that the box might contain his will or some other document which he wished to sign or modify before his death.

To his astonishment it was found to contain a pie.

It was a wonderful Perigord pie, dressed with truffles of sarlet. The marquis ate freely of it and again sank back upon his pillow.

"Hark!" said the doctor. "I hear the fatal rattle in his throat. It will soon be over."

But the "rattle" turned out to be a snore. The marquis was asleep. And though he was then 75 years old he lived 15 years longer and invented several more famous dishes.—Youth's Companion.

A Six-year-old Gentleman.

American children are to often nuisances, owing to the indulgence of parents who love not wisely, but too well. Undisciplined at home, they are insufferable abroad and add a new terror to republican institutions, and on them depends the salvation of our country. But, thank heaven, there are exceptions to whom I thankfully turn, thinking with gratitude of fathers and mothers who love their offspring with profound wisdom. There comes to me the memory of such a child as gave full meaning to Christ's words.

I never looked into his lovely face, beaming with sweet intelligence, that he did not make me think of heaven and rejoice that so fine a spirit walked the earth. No man, woman or child approached this boy without feeling his benign influence and honoring his parents. Though only 6 years old, he was a gentleman in a grace of manner, for which nature was partially responsible. —Kate Field's Washington.

True of Other Clock Towers Too.

The Old South was standing grim and white among the telegraph wires and runtlike buildings of Washington street, when Creighton and Tompkins passed by. It was 3:15. But when Tompkins looked up at the dial on the hallowed church it was only 8:45. Then he turned round.

"I say, Creighton, did you know the Old South had been sold?"

"No," hastily answered Creighton. "I knew there had been some talk about it, but had no definite knowledge. How do you know?"

"Tompkins pointed to the dial. "Because it's changed hands already."—Boston Budget.

A Magic Word.

Bilkins—That bill is all right, but I haven't any money about me, and——

Collector—You'd better look sharp, then, or you'll find the sheriff——

Bilkins—And, I was going to say, I'd have to give you a check.

Collector—Oh—er—never mind, it's no consequence. I'll call again.—New York Weekly.

He Lost by One Letter.

Every man should always write as plainly as he can. Once upon a time a young man wrote to a girl, "Your loveliness has inspired me to ask you to become my wife." She read it "loneliness," and got so everlastingly mad that she refused him by return mail.—Somerville Journal.

Dreadful, but True.

A couple of men, gaunt, green and cumbersome and exhibiting traces of "the wayback" and "hayseed" in their makeup, recently entered a restaurant, and, seating themselves at a table over which an electric light had taken the place of the gas jet that had been there when they were last in Boston before, picked up the bill of fare and studied the polyglot information that it afforded to experienced guests.

To these two men it meant little. The first word that they chanced to see was a surprise and puzzle to them. It was "menu," and the elder of the two, reading aloud, asked the younger if he knew what "meenew" tasted like. He did not, and they passed on to a part of the bill that contained such familiar expressions as "mutton chops" and "roast beef." On these dishes they fixed their choice. The senior ordered chops, and the junior asked for beef.

"And," said the latter to the waiter, taking chances and pointing to the line of the bill that read "Lyonnaise potatoes," "give me some of those."

"How will you have your beef?" inquired the waiter.

"Well, friend," replied the countryman, "I guess I'll have it on a plate."

This was too much for the waiter's dignity, and he went to the order slide and shouted:

"Roast beef, and have it on a plate!"

When the chops were brought to the table, the man who had ordered them looked hard at the dish and then at the waiter.

"What's wanting, please?" asked the waiter.

"I wanted a dish of meat, not bones," was the reply.

To this the waiter made no rejoinder, but said, "Anything to drink, gentlemen—tea, spring water or cider?"

"If you've got any," returned the elder man, "we'll have some well water."

When they paid their check, the cashier asked if everything had been satisfactory.

"Well," answered the mentor of the pair, "that meal might suit doods, but we ain't sure, to tell you the honest truth, what we eat, the samples was so small. I guess we'll stick to baked beans hereafter while we are in Boston."—Boston Herald.

Getting Law For Nothing.

"I have been amused," says a lawyer, "to notice how some women contrive to get free points on law.

"In the public law libraries, for instance, that are occupied every day by lawyers, such a scene as this is by no means uncommon. The big door will swing around in a slow, uncertain way, and a woman makes her appearance. She approaches the bright young man at the desk and timidly asks him if he knows where she can find out about the law on some stated point.

"'It's such a small matter,' she explains, 'I didn't want to go to a lawyer.'

"The young man usually knows a good deal of law himself and frequently gets her the book, points out the passage and lets her read it at her leisure. If, however, it is beyond his knowledge of law, he inquires about it from some of the good natured lawyers in the room. Two or three of them will usually listen to the woman's explanation, and the opinion she gets is the combined wisdom and judgment of all of them.

"The woman is very grateful and profusely thanks every one within hearing distance before she slips out rather more self possessed than when she came in.

"Nobody, I'm sure, begrudges her the information he has given her, but I often fancy her brandishing 'advice of counsel' over somebody's head, and having found out what are her legal rights holding to them grimly."—New York Times.

The Dog Would Last.

Since the death of Major General Rufus Ingalls some good war stories have been started about this famous fighter, who was born and raised in Denmark, Me., and his companions in arms. An illustration of the general's quickness at repartee and down east humor is his good natured retort on Grant about the yellow dog. It was in the spring of 1864, just about one year before the fall of Richmond, when General Grant and a group of his officers were seated one evening by the cheerful blaze of a huge campfire.

All at once Grant, who had been absorbed some minutes in meditation, turned quickly to his quartermaster general, and pointing to a yellow dog which had accompanied the latter through many a campaign and now lay at his master's feet, snoozing, jocosely asked, "I say, Ingalls, do you intend taking that dog along with you into Richmond?" "Yes," was the quick response, "for he belongs to a mighty long lived breed." A roar of laughter followed this sally, and the face of the grim commander relaxed into a broad smile.—Lewiston Journal.

The Spell of Scents.

Few material accidents of our lives have the subtle, direct, compelling influence upon us that is exerted by odors. Neither sight nor sound, wonder working as both are, has power to recall an association or create a mood, as has an odor, unnoticed, perhaps oftener than not, at the time, which yet fastens itself past escaping to certain moods and associations and clings forevermore to their garments.—Boston Commonwealth.

Childish Simplicity.

Teacher—If any pupil can answer, let her raise her hand. Well, Mary, you may tell.

"Please, ma'am, I don't know."

"Then why did you raise your hand?"

"I couldn't help it, ma'am. Uncle John gave me this ring last night."—Boston Transcript.

Bound to Follow.

"If you do not stop smoking in office hours you'll get fired, that's all," said Wagg to his bookkeeper.

"Is that quite just to one who does his work faithfully?" asked the scribe.

"Certainly. Where there is so much smoke there must be fire." — Harper's Bazar.

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County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 466 Thirty fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

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Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4530 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2856 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3872 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 7756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6855 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Crean, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 260 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 W Eighteenth st; Michael J McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1851 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Evan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queely's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 13—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P B Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st. John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

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Leopard Shooting.

Mr. Simson writes thus: "I consider that exposure to a leopard on foot, with due precaution and a proper weapon, is only a fair sporting risk, and accidents must happen occasionally." Mr. Simson is certainly entitled to speak. He shot many leopards on foot; he was twice badly wounded by a leopard, but on one of these occasions a third leopard unexpectedly attacked him from behind, when he had already killed two others in the same patch of grass jungle.

Mr. Simson mentions that an old French gentleman whom he knew used to go about hunting for leopards with a nondescript sort of dog, half pariah and half spaniel. "When the dog smelled a leopard, he would cock his ears and point out from a respectful distance where the leopard lay. The Frenchman kept on peeping and peering about, wholly regardless of anything the leopard might do in the way of attack, till he could sight the animal. He then killed him almost to a certainty with a single shot."—Chambers' Journal.

Helping on a Good Cause.

Philanthropist—I am exerting myself in behalf of a worthy object, and my first thought was to come to you for assistance.

Scribe (the writer)—Well, sir, I am willing to assist by tongue or pen.

Philanthropist—We would be pleased to have you use your pen in our aid.

Scribe (flattered)—My services are at your command.

Philanthropist—Thank you, sir. Now please get your pen and affix your signature to this subscription paper, and you can pay the 5 guineas at your convenience.

Scribe (in changed tone)—Oh!—London Tit-Bits.

An unknown man was dragged from in front of a rapidly approaching Grand Trunk train at South Bend, Ind. He then started for the railroad bridge, jumped into the river and was drowned.

The Salvation Army will build a home and national headquarters in New York. The site is on Fourteenth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues.

Charles McDonald, a teamster, of Minneapolis, while loading logs at the Kettle landing, fell off, the tongue of a heavily loaded sled passing over his neck completely severing his head.

Lew Wallace's new novel is "The Prince of India; or Why Constantinople Fell." He got his material out of official archives while minister to Turkey.

* * *

Miss Mary P. Nutt has given $40,000 to the Young Men's Christian association of Nashua, N. H.

A sewing machine was included among the presents the ex-empress of Germany gave her daughter, Princess Margarethe, on her marriage.

Frederick Douglass has organized a company for the purpose of establishing a large manufacturing enterprise near Newport News, Va., building a town and giving employment to young negro men and women.

The postoffice at Manitowoc, Wis., has been admitted to the second class, and will have a free delivery system. Three carriers have been appointed.

The Tahitian when discovered was as uncultured as the Papuan now is, yet the former approached as near positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity.

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There will be a Musical and Literary Programme, including Addresses by the HON. JOSEPH P. MAHONEY, JOHN F. FINERTY and other speakers whose names will be announced hereafter. The entertainment will conclude with a Grand Military Hop, all members of the regiment and their friends participating.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term, A. D. 1893. Archibald Wilson vs. Eva Catharine Wilson. In Chancery, No. 4,432. Gen. No. 145,107. Affidavit of non-residence of Eva Catharine Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Eva Catherine Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

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California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	5 cents
Large White Sponges, each	5 cents
Large Bottle Household Ammonia	5 cents
Pints New Tomato Catsup	6 cents
Large California Prunes, run 40 to lb	9 cents
New Alden Evaporated Apples	10 cents
Imported Worcestershire Sauce	10 cents
Large Bottle Best Celery Salt	10 cents
French Capers, per bottle	9 cents
27-ounce Bottle Spanish Queen Olives	19 cents
2-lb Stone Jars Pure Fruit Jelly	9 cents
20-lb Pails Pure Fruit Jelly	69 cents
35 Bars Alpha Laundry Soap for	90 cents
Best Quality Mince Meat, per pkg	7 cents
Head Rice, per lb	3 cents
21 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00
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3-lb cansDuchess Tomatoes	.09½	1.14
3-lb cans Lake Shore Tomatoes	.11	1.20
3-lb cans Blue Hen's Chickens Tomatoes	.11	1.25
2-lb cans Popular Sugar Corn	.09	1.00
2-lb cans River Bank Sweet Sugar Corn	.10	1.05
2-lb cans Vermillion Sugar Corn	.10	1.10
2-lb cans Oxford Lima Beans	.10	.98
3-lb cans Best Pie Pumpkin	.10	.90
3-lb cans Clinton Yellow Table Peaches	.13	1.45
3-lb cans Yellow Greenwood Table Peaches	.14	1.55
3-lb cans Eagle California Table Apricots	.14	1.65
2-lb cans H. & C. Sliced Pineapples	.08	.75
2-lb cans Flour City Raspberries	.09	1.00
2-lb cans Table Blackberries	.08	.90
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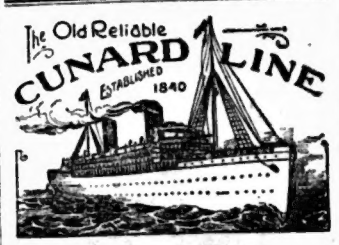

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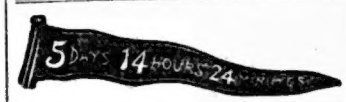

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